D. N. Ashmore's Sayings

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This That and the Other

By D. N. Ashmore
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Dedicated to my dear friend, John Moody.

D. N. Ashmore.

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D. N. ASHMORE

THIS little volume makes no great pretense as to literary merit and the critic that is simply a teacher and teller of things had just as well lay it down and go put his trolley on the old wire and continue to get his literary energy from some old and well established literary power plant that bears the approval of several past generations as being classic and entirely conventional. The only class of readers that it desires to interest is the plain, common people—people that do things—toilers and workers that move the world along—people who don't mince, but whose every appetite has been sharpened by the honest expenditure of physical and mental energy combined. Such people's judgment of true values are the only ones to be respected because they are constantly rendering honest returns by the sweat of their brows for all values received.

—THE AUTHOR.

SUCCESS

Success is succeeding;
Success is unneeding;
Yet it seems its our plan,
To ever be feeding
The successful man.

Success is so nerving;
Success is deserving;
And we love to caress,
By continually serving
The man of success.

In business or deeds
The man that succeeds,
Is the man we admire.
He is the hero that leads,
And we hoist him the higher.

If they fail to succeed
And are really in need
We refuse their demand,
And smile at the speed
Of the down going man.

Success is the steed
That's far in the lead.
As the maxim suggests,
There is nothing succeeds
Like this thing called success.

STRENGTH IN STRIFE

I'll just be bound
That you have found
Much of sorrow in this life;
But don't you know
It's surely so,
You are strengthened by each strife?
Why! Can't you see
That you'd just be
A weak and frail affair,
If you'd just sit
And never get
All shook up like you are?

Why, really man,
Some hidden hand
Has made your road thus rough,
So it would serve
To give you nerve,
And make you strong and tough;
That you might meet
And well compete
With the fearless of your race,
And hold despite
Life's bitter fight,
And earn an honored place.

FISHING IN THE SPRING

I love to go a fishing, in the gentle spring,
Along the river banks, where the big mosquitoes sing,
And sit me gently down on the mossy logs.
And have my soul enchanted by the music of the frogs.

I love to go a fishing, and take the greasy worm,—
String him on my hook, and watch the "booger" squirm,
Then drop him in the water, and wait with all my might
For about an hour, and never get a bite.

I love to go a fishing, when the evening's damp and cool,
And I have to sit a standing. O, the joy untold.
And then the quiet zephyrs that waft the gentle gnats,
Interspersed with hooting owls and darting, screeching bats.

I love to go a fishing; it's only just too nice.
I speak from my experience; I've been there once or twice.
But instead of fish I caught a cough; so I've sold my hook and pole,
And invested all the money in syrups for my cold.

EDUCATED FOOL

Educated, yes very fine.
He's a flaming light to shine.
Let him glow.
For a man's mighty smart,
To learn another's piece by heart,
Don't you know?

He is proud of what he's got.
He has grasped another's thought,
Yes, he's proud.
And he feels so mighty good,
When he's chewing another's quid,
Champing loud.

He's grammatically a speller.
A nobbie educated feller,
Understand;
Yet within his noble heart
He pities those that're not so smart.
Considerate man.

But there're things he hasn't got,
And one of them's original thought,
That's a part,
And another thing that's no expense,
For he hasn't common sense.
Yet he's smart.

Oh, this educated fool.
He's the exception, not the rule,
Yet it's true,
I've seen some that understand,
That education makes the man,
Haven't you?

FOGIES

You may think it's all a hoax
About those funny fogyish folks,
But I'll tell you what, I've seen them,
And I am not going to screen them.
Not at all.
What, convince them? men have tried them,
They have "hobbies," and will ride them
In spite of all.

I've seen some men that says,
That there're some unlucky days,
And they'll start no enterprise
Except on days luck justifies,
Fogies sure.
It's my common sense that says,
There's more unlucky fools than days,
Doesn't yours?

Why, there's Uncle Billy Purch
Can't bear a fiddle in the church,
And he would not go about
Till they took the old thing out,
That is true.
I'd rather hear a fiddle goin'
Than to hear a fogy blowin',
Wouldn't you?

I know a funny fogyish loon
That plants his taters in the moon.
He has never missed a crop,
But he's hit it every pop,
Big un's, too.
In my experience I have found,
I'd rather plant them in the ground,
Wouldn't you?

EXTREMITY

When man steps out
And turns his face,
To look above
In open space,
While thus engaged
His searching eye
Soon forms a dome,
That's called the sky.

Each have a sky,
It's exact height
Is measured by
The strength of sight;
As we look up
That dome we see
Is but our vision's
Extremity.

It's just as true
Of finite mind
When it looks out
There is a line,
A mental sky
That seems to be
Just at our minds
Extremity.

In strength of thought
And mental might
The learned of earth
At grander height
With radius large
And sky more free,
Find there, the same
Extremity.

Just at this line
This dome, the sky,
This outer verge
Of mind and eye,
We find our God
In that, that we
Have reached our own
Extremity.

CATCHIN' THINGS

I've been visiting to my Aunt Lucile's,
And I'm hurrying home across the fields,
For Aunty says I've got the mumps,
As she can tell by these big bumps
Here at each side upon my jaw;
So I'm hiking home to see my Ma.

Poor Aunt Lucile ain't got no kids.
Just birds and cats and coverlets,
And spreads and quilts and home-made lace;
There's lots of things about her place
What Aunty's made—she's mighty slick,
But she can't cure no kid that's sick.

Yet Aunty's kind—good-hearted. too,
But she don't know just what to do;
Instead of showing that quilt she pieced,
I'd rather seen some goose's grease,
Or rabbit oil, like Mother fried
That other time I liked to died.

Two years ago from this here spring,
I caught the measles—old red things;
I lost my taste for cake and pie
And thought for once I'se bound to die;
My Ma made tea and I took lots
Till I broke out in great red spots.

It wasn't long when I'd got well,
That I caught somewhere—we can't tell,
The chicken pox. just the rooster kind,
For I nearly croaked when I got mine,
I speckled up and scratched and howled,
For the pleged things they had me foul.

Then the whoopin' cough it came around.
And my Ma said she'd just be bound
That I'd get it; and I got it right.
For about six weeks whooped day and night,
My Ma staid up; what we went through
There's no one knows but just we two.

I jaundered once for a week or so;
My liver balked and wouldn't go,
It wouldn't stir the bile off right,
So I yellowed up till I's a sight.
But my mother gave me calomel.
And it wasn't long till I got well.

I've had the hives and scarlet rash.
When I cut my teeth I had the thrash;
Just everything like children get,
And I bless my Ma that I'm living yet.
If you just knowed what she's went through,
And knowed my Ma, you'd bless her too.

For my Ma knows she's always fetched
Me heretofore through all I've ketched,
And I've had them all except the mumps,
And I guess they're here in these big lumps,
At least my Aunty told me so;
When I get home, my Ma she'll know.

I'm good to catch, it's about my forte,
I guess some day I'll be a sport,
And play base ball and such as that;
I'd like to catch behind the bat,
But I must go and see my Ma
And have her doctor on my jaw.

FEELING RIGHT

I don't care how I'm looking,
  So I'm feeling at my best,
If my liver's good and active
  And my food will just digest;
When my lungs are working fine,
  And my heart is beating light,
No matter how I'm looking,
  It is then I'm feeling right.

You may talk about your riches,
  With your stomach full of bile;
Of your mansions and your acres,
  And keep squirming all the while
With your aches, pains and catches,
  'Till I'm sickened at the sight,
For I know you can't be happy,
  Unless your liver's working right.

I don't care how I'm looking,
  If I've only got my health,
Some common clothes and eating,
  You are welcome to your wealth;
Just enough to last me,
  Through the day until the night,
I can earn some more tomorrow,
  If I'm only feeling right.

SHIFT OF THE BLAME.

It's the boon of the world,
Man, woman and child.
From Adam on down
With no change in the style;
It's an unaltered rule,
Aged and famed,
That no one's been found.
Who'd shoulder the blame.

It's the dodge of the failer,
And financial wreck
In the course of his reasoning,
From cause to effect;
He admits of no instance
Where his methods were lame,
But favors bad luck
In the shift of the blame.

It's the comfort of the toper
In his greed for the bowl,
He'll slander his ancestry,
Both respected and old;
And claim he has inherited
His debauchery and shame,
And burden transmission
In the shift of the blame.

It's the bridge of the sinner
At the River of Death;
In the face of his fate
He is wasting his breath,
On the faults of the church;
Its members he'll claim.
Are no better than he,
Thus he shifted the blame.

It's the fort of the parent.
In the plea for their child
As they waywardly wander
To the bad and the wild;
He's been led, they will say,
And give you the name
Of the one they suspect,
Thus shifting the blame.

It's the trick of the world,
Every woman and man,
From Adam on down,
Yes all take a hand.
And play with, and will
At this all-around game,
Call it cheat if you can,
By the shift of the blame.

QUITE A DIFFERENT THING

Once I went to meeting
To hear the word expounded,
And was pleased to see the greeting
Of the preacher, when surrounded
By his flock, before the preaching,
In the altar near the stand
And see them all a reaching
To shake his friendly hand.

They seemed so open hearted,
In their taking of a hand
Before the meeting started,
A how'ding of the man,
That I myself bethought me,
They're wonderous kind and clever,
And their spirit rather caught me
Just like it will a fellow.

But when they started singing,
While the preacher took the stand,
And the deacons went to bringing
In the money for the man,
I noted quite a contrast
And it rather seemed to me,
While the hat was being passed,
They were hardly quite so free.

Then I again bethought me:
How cheap are all pretenses;
And the idea rather sought me,
If not coupled with expenses,
We are free and quite unheedful
And all have much to bring
Except, when reaching for the needful,
And that is quite a different thing.

HELL AND NOT SHEOL

They're getting mighty smart;
  It seems so dreadful strange
To think some fool upstart
  Would have the gall to change
A name that's been in use,
  From Adam's early fall;
And now to think the goose
  Would change it to sheol.

And just to think they'd take
  The sulphur clear all out,
And calm the raging lake
  And change it all about.
'Twould suit them well no doubt
  To modify that clime;
They'd kick the fire all out
  And have a sheol time.

It sounds so harsh and rough
  To minds that're so profound!
Perhaps it's well enough
  To sort 'o tone it down;
But then just bear in mind
  When Gabriel pipes his call,
These toney ones will find
  It's a dreadful warm sheol.

I remember it so well—
  It's just a little while—
They used to call it hell,
  As hot as it could bile.
'Twould just git up and git
  And singe and fry and scald
And sizz and hiss and spit,
  'Twas hell—and not sheol.

A LITTLE PETTY OFFICE.

You have likely seen the man,
  A justice of the peace,
Perhaps a school trustee
  Or a town police;
Just any little office,
  With a title that will ring,
Will make him feel as great
  And honored as a king.

Of course you have seen that man,
  He is seen in every town.
He forms acquaintance quick,
  He is always nosing 'round.
Perhaps he is city clerk;
  He has an office all the same,
A little petty office,
  And is a man of fame.

I mean that honored man
  That's bloated up so large;
Who feels so mighty grand
  Beneath his weighty charge.
He has a petty office.
  Perhaps he is a city dad,
At least he has an office
  And has it very bad.

I know you have seen the man,
  I am sure you have heard him talk,
And, if you want to kill him,
  Just add to his weighty stock.
Inflate him a little larger
  By increasing his public trust
With another petty office,
  And the fool is sure to bust.

STICK

Would you like to make money,
  Young man? I mean you;
If so, my dear sonny,
  There's one thing that's true
And essential to gain,
  But it's quite a hard trick
For an unsettled brain
  To be able to stick.

Would you like to make money?
  Well, likely you would,
And you will think it quite funny,
  When I tell you you could,
If you'll make up your mind
  To strike a square lick,
In some certain line,
  And strike it to stick.

Yes, stick is the thought,
  And success is the end,
It's the thing that has brought
  Wealth to all men;
That being true to work
  Or the cause they would pick,
While the fool and the shirk
  Are unable to stick.

You say, why exact us
  To stick like a leech?
And ask that I practice
  The theory I preach;
But I'll make interference
  And answer you quick,
That I speak from experience
  As one that can't stick.

TO CRITICISE

We love to criticise,
It's an easy thing to do
To look so mighty wise
And find a fault or two.
When another's job's completed,
That perhaps is very good;
At least we could not beat it,
Or are too lazy if we could.

We love to criticise,
It's everybody's failing.
At work we are very slow,
At talk we go a sailing.
To comment is a pleasure;
There is lots of fault to find,
If we haven't got the leisure
We will sacrifice the time.

We would better call a halt,
And turn ourselves about,
Instead of finding fault
Find a good lay out,
And take the thing in hand
Us critics every one,
And show our fellowmen
Exactly how it is done.

SWEET LITTLE CHILD

We touch tender chords of sorrow or joy,
When we speak of the child, that dear girl or boy,
With sweet dimple face all radiant with smiles,
For who has not loved some sweet little child.

We touch tender chords in the home that is bright,
With the mirth of the child in innocent delight,
With the voice of its glee in accents so wild;
All joy to the home with a sweet little child.

We touch tender chords in the home that's bereft,
Whose darling's asleep in the cold arms of death,
With its bright circle darkened by the shadow of trial,
And its fond hearts saddened by the loss of its child.

We touch tender chords and the tears are falling fast,
And their minds called away to that once happy past;
As in sorrow they're waiting only just for awhile,
And then they shall go to that sweet little child.

CHRISTMAS

'Tis Christmas? well what of it?
Haven't we Christmas every year?
How comes this great ado;
Why is it we thus revere,
As a day of much rejoicing,
With gifts and great display,
Forever the annual coming,
Of our traditional Christmas day?

'Tis Christmas in the palace,
And the hovel just as well,
O'er city and through country,
There resounds the Christmas bell.
As it's pealing forth the tidings,
Its echoes far away.
Give notice of the dawning
Of another Christmas day.

'Tis Christmas and the foolish,
Yea, the thoughtless fool that thinks
That he can celebrate it
By the use of poisonous drinks
He is a holy desecrater,
And unworthy of a place
Among the grateful minded
Of his fellow race.

'Tis Christmas and the Christian
Should celebrate the birth
Of Him that went about,
Doing good upon the earth.
By following in His footsteps,
'Mid sickness and distress,
Giving gifts of kindness
To those that are oppressed.

'Tis Christmas and the children,
'Mid toys, with sport and play,
Will lend their merry voices
To celebrate the day
In memory of the anthems
Of the angelic band,
Proclaiming the birth of Christ,
On this day to fallen man.

'Tis Christmas, merry Christmas,
Wishing you many joys,
Hoping amid your mirth,
And above your gifts and toys,
You'll remember with grateful hearts,
And look with thankful eye,
To the giver of perfect gifts,
In the land beyond the sky.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CABIN

When the Christmas dinner's ready,
With its turkey on the platter,
And I sit and sip and listen
To the hearty childish chatter
Of the hungry, happy children,
As they talk about their plays,
It sets my mind a-thinking
Of my early Christmas days;

Of those early Christmas dinners
In the very long ago,
In that cozy country cottage
With its rustic loft so low;
With the clapboards on its roof
And its squeaking puncheon floor,
Its majestic wooden chimney
And the latch string on its door.

Oh, that cozy country cottage!
I can see it in my mind;
It now is called a cabin—
'Twas then a mansion fine.
With its ever happy Christmas,
I then was just as gay,
As the happy modern children
With their Christmas of today.

I can see that old pone-oven
Of the Christmas, long ago,
With the coals upon its lid
And beneath it all aglow;
And the hoe-cake in the skillet,
I can see them sitting there
On that cozy cottage hearth—
Those dainties rich and rare.

Then the candlestick and snuffers,
And the hooks up o'er the bed
That held the trusty rifle,
And the scuttle over head.
The fire-dogs in the chimney
And the back-log o'er behind,
I can see them just as plainly
In that cabin home of mine.

I can see the spinnin' wheel
And my mother at her spinnin';
I can hear the hum and buzzin'
Of the spindle when beginnin';
I can see her as she's passin'
Up and down the puncheon floor;
I can see her every movement
As she sends it wabblin' o'er.

The loom back in the corner,
  Where I handed in the threads;
Those old-fashioned ruffled curtains
  As they hung beneath the beds;
And the striped linsey dresses
  On the pins around the cabin;
And the hole back in the corner
  Where the chink had lost its dabbin'.

It makes me just as happy—
  The memory of the joy,
Of my early country Christmas
  When I then was just a boy.
Oh, that cabin and its memory!
  They are ever dear to me;
I was then and there as happy
  As a boy can ever be.

When I see the children playin'
  With their toys about the floor,
With their little eyes a shinin'
  As they turn them o'er and o'er;
When I hear their childish laughter
  Mingled with their gabbin',
It sets my mind a thinkin'
  Of my Christmas in the cabin.

EVOLUTION

Evolution is a theory that is hard to comprehend,
Yet when we closely study a certain class of men
We see the old baboon creeping out so plain,
That we begin to fear they are drifting back again.

Evolution is a theory that is hard to understand,
Yet when we try to separate the animal from the man,
We are tempted to make a rush upon a certain class,
Put them on all fours and turn them out to grass.

Evolution is a theory that saps the gentry's pride
And makes the gluttonous lord a common beastly snide.
It traces the prided ancestor of the duke that thinks he's some,
Back to the ancient days of evolution monkeydom.

Evolution is a theory, disbelieve it if you can;
But I will find a dozen beasts while you will find a man,
Whose greed and self don't predominate and leave the man so frail,
That the evolution of his race has scarcely clipped his tail.

SPOONING SEASON

When the springtime comes a laughing
And the frost is smiled away;
While the summer winds are wafting
Back those birds that ought to stay
Among us through the season
With their songs and pretty lays,
And those melodies so pleasing
In those balmy springtime days;

When sir robin with his red breast
And his mate have now returned,
Both are busy with their nest,
And all nature seems concerned
In the planting and the sowing,
For the seed time is at hand.
And the sap is upward flowing;
It is nature in command.

The geese have all been mated.
And the strutting turkey cock
Spreads his tail and seems elated
With the beauties of his flock,
While the doleful turtle dove
In a sprightlier, gayer vein,
Cooes a tale of happy love
To his mate in sweet refrain.

And the polen lies in waiting
For the opening of the flowers
While the sun's invigorating
All those active, potent powers
With liberties presuming
There is relenting of restrain,
And a magic superhuman
Floats in every throbbing vein.

The spring is spooning season;
There's a tendency to mate.
All nature's bright and pleasing
And attracts in spite of fate.
And if your feelings are still morbid
And unsociably inclined,
Then your liver must be torpid,
For it is spring and spooning time.

LET HER GRIND

This world's a great wheel
  Revolving each day
In its summer set speal
  Turning flips as they say.
Don't fear any crash
  Keep cool, never mind,
Hold tight to the grass
  And just let her grind.

If your mind is impressed
  With a poem yet unsaid
You will never get rest
  Till the fool thing is made.
You need not refuse
  If there's one on your mind,
Only call up the muse
  And just let her grind.

If you're the butt of some scandal
  That's going the round
Let it stay in the channel
  Where such things are found;
'Twill only get louder
  If disputed, you'll find
But will soon go to powder
  If you'll just let her grind.

If its ever your lot
  To get badly mixed
In the boil of that pot
  They call politics,
Though by chance unforseen
  You are caught by combine
If you can't stop that machine
  You had best let her grind.

Tho' this world may not please you
  For its folks won't do right
They fret and they tease you
  And you groan at their plight;
You can't fix it or run it
  Take a load from your mind
Trust the one that began it
  And just let her grind.

When your final days come;
  And the mills of the gods
Would turn you out from
  The mash of the cogs
Its fixed, understand,
  You've no choice in this line,
Meet your fate like a man
  And just let her grind.

LAY OF THE HEN

The beautiful lay
  Of the birds in the spring,
As their gay cheerful songs
  Through the woodlands do ring,
In those bright days so lovely,
  In their fullness is heard,
With endless variety,
  The lay of the bird.

The lay of the lark
  In his sweet twitting song,
Is a musical lay
  As he's flitting along.
O'er meadows so green,
  From morning till dark,
We hail with delight.
  The lay of the lark.

But the lay of the hen.
  Will down all the lays.
All the fine birds
  In creation can raise,
Just try a cool dozen.
  For all grocery men.
Keep goods on exchange
  For the lay of the hen.

OPINION

Our opinion or belief is a thing we highly prize,
Whether based on education, experience or otherwise.
We are ever very sanguine and press our fellow man
With the weight of our opinion on the issue just at hand.

An opinion's just a notion, and there is where we lack
In the power to make discernment between a notion and
  a fact.
A fact is as shining gold, while opinion will often go.
But it's fraud to pass opinion on a man for what we know.

In opinion there is clashing, while a fact stands boldly out,
A towering up above a cavil or a doubt.
It needs no recommends, but looks honest on its face,
And ten thousand wise opinions could never take its place.

An opinion is a notion, or an idea we have gained
By the action of surroundings on the judgment through
  the brain.
It's a circumstantial creature, hence, it's often very wrong,
So we should never press our opinion over-strong.

ADVICE

It's cheap, so very cheap
  It isn't hard to find
Men that ever keep
  A large assorted line
Of the very latest style,
  Free, and without price:
And they're seeking all the while
  Those that need advice.

The rich, successful man,
  With money that he's made,
Always keeps on hand
  A stock, and's in the trade.
He thinks there's but one need,
  And all would go so nice,
If every one would heed
  The weight of his advice.

The unsuccessful man
  Can tell you just exact,
The most successful plan,
  And precisely how 'twill act.
He can answer any question,
  It's wonderous what he knows,
And yet, his whole possession,
  Consists of what he owes.

In advice we have producers,
  And consumers just as well,
Those with constant uses,
  For things you do not sell.
They get advice of you,
  Which seemingly just agrees,
And then they go and do
  Exactly as they please.

Should it be that you
  Need advice of any kind,
The proper thing to do,
  Is draw upon your mind.
Try it once or twice,
  Play your hand alone,
And take a fool's advice,
  Not mine, but take your own.

PRETTY AND SWEET

To be pretty and sweet is a woman's desire,
In feature and manner and personal attire;
But many a woman in her eagerness, makes
Unfortunate blunders, and awful mistakes.

Their ideas of beauty and sweetness are queer;
They unheed advice from friends that are dear;
They disregard nature and tramp her laws low,
And their only reason is "Fashion says so."

It surely is nice to look pretty and sweet,
Providing you do so without any cheat;
But remember my girl that nature best knows,
So you'd better be natural in manners and clothes.

I believe that woman was created with man
To help carry out the Maker's wise plan;
That he well understood the creatures He made,
And had wisely considered the part to be played.

Your form is as perfect as perfect can be,
If only left natural, untrammeled and free.
Uncumbered by fashion and left to itself,
It will develop a womanhood perfect in health.

Good health is a thing which beauty requires,
And the moment it's gone your beauty expires.
Health is the sunshine that lights up the features,
And gives spirit and life to the dearest of creatures.

Some ladies use cotton, while others use paints;
Some wear stolen curls, yet look harmless as saints;
They practice deception in various ways,
That tend to degrade them and shorten their days.

It's a very nice thing to look pretty and sweet,
But give me the woman that is clear of deceit;
Whose bloom is not measured by the brush as she dips
The rose to her cheek and the tint to her lips.

"GET THERE."

I've been trying all the means
  Near on to twenty years;
I've been through revival scenes
  That awakened many fears;
I've sought and sought in vain
  In a manner fair and square;
I've tried and tried again,
  But never quite got there.

I've seen heaps of people blest
  Through their asking for the good;
I've tried and tried my best
  As any honest fellow would,
In a mind of desperate frame
  On the verge of dark despair;
But I found out just the same
  I could never quite get there.

I've heard so many say,
  And they seemed to believe it too,
That there's only just one way
  For a fellow to get through.
They talked as if they knowed
  And they'd earnestly declare,
If I did not take their road,
  I never would get there.

I sometimes think perhaps
  Just like as anyway.
When all the different chaps
  In the final wind up day
Are placed along with me
  On the road that's pretty fair,
They'll be surprised to see
  That I've managed to get there.

COASTING

When the winter comes a howling
With its fierce and bracing blast
And the sultry. dusty days
Of the summertime is past;
The corn has all been gathered
And the winter's wood is got
With the stock beneath the shelter
In the barnyard's handy lot;
And the business of the farm
Is suspended until the spring
Except the little choring.
Which is quite a trifling thing;
The country boy is at leisure
And he wanders free at will
But his grandest joy is coasting
Up and down some frosty hill.

When the winter comes a romping
And a blustering o'er the field
And you see the boy a scampering
Just as tight as he can heel
With his sled and dog following
As he is making for the hill
Where the fun is just a flying
And where he can get his fill;
As he is sliding down it
Just as fast as he can go
With his frosty sled a squeaking
As it's gliding o'er the snow
O! he's happy. yes, he's happy
For there's nothing half so gay
As coasting o'er some hill side
On a frosty winter's day.

Oh. I love the thoughts of coasting
For I used to be a boy,
And my heart is stirred within me
By the memory of the joy
Of the many happy hours
That we spent upon the hill
Just as our boys are doing
And I love to watch them still;
For it's fun—well I should say so—
Of the fierce and daring kind,
And I'll tell you what's the matter
I'd just whale a boy of mine,
If he did not have the grit
To slip his sled and steal away
For an evening's sport a coasting
On a frosty winter's day.

A FAR AWAY NOTION

There's a far away notion
  In the brain of mankind,
All out of proportion,
  For there ain't no denying,
That the idea of importation,
  Inflates every mind
In its foreign relation,
  As exquisitely fine.

There's a far away notion,
  Respecting all worth,
A peculiar devotion,
  For the blood and the birth,
Of some far away land,
  Where we fancy by luck,
The great and the grand
  Are a natural product.

This far away notion
  Makes home things so tame,
Putting people in motion
  In hope of the gain,
Of some far distant clime,
  Where all is serene,
But in searching they find
  Its a fancified dream.

This far away notion
  Reaches down the dark ages,
With superstitious devotion,
  For those barbarian sages,
It hints Inspiration,
  And asks that we pay
Homage as an enlightened nation
  To that dark far away.

This far away hobby
  Is much a petted thief,
That continues to rob you,
  Through the silly belief
That the present is lacking
  And your surroundings inferior
While the foreign is striking
  And the old is superior.

BETHANY

You may talk about your cities,
In our grand old Illinois,
Of their gay and charming lassies,
And their hustling, rustling boys.
But our girls are a good deal sweeter,
And our boys are far ahead.
Of those dudes and butterflies,
In your grand old city bred.

You may talk about your cities,
And the bustle of its people,
Of its stately, handsome houses,
And the towering of its steeples.
Its nice and haughty, but its selfish,
There's no friendship to be found.
So you're welcome to your city
But I'll stick to my old town.

You may talk about your ladies,
Yes your stylish city women,
About the draperies of their dresses,
With their bonnets and their trimmin',
But our ladies though a trifle plain,
Are the best I've ever found.
And we're noted for the female beauties
Of our good, old-fashioned town.

You may talk about your children,
O, those cute and cunning cases.
And smooth down their golden hair
And kiss their sweet and dimpled faces,
But our town is all a swarming,
And its streets are just teeming,
With the finest, loveliest children,
And our future's, fairly gleaming.

You may talk about your cities
With their rush and daily storm.
It's push and greed for business,
And its systematic form.
But I'm kind o' on the quiet,
And I'd rather muse around
Among the quaint and happy people
Of my own old-fashioned town.

You may talk about the amusement
Sights, parks, and grand to-doos,
Until you give a village codger
The old-fashioned country blues,
But I'll tell you they cost money,
And us poor would run aground,
So just take your sight cities,
But I'll stick to my old town.

You may talk about your cities
But I'll own that I am free
To admit, I'd rather live,
In the good old town of Bethany,
For somehow, I love its people,
And I've sort o' settled down
To live and die here with them,
For I am stuck on this old town.

THE MUSIC OF THE PEDDLER

The music of the peddler
Is dreadful dear to learn,
Just as you think you have it
'Twill take a graceful turn,
On a new and different key,
In a soft melodious strain,
But the outcome is sure to be
The same old thing again.

The music of the peddler,
As he sweetly sings his piece
In the hearing of the farmer,
Whom he dearly hopes to fleece,
Is a dandy little sonnet
Of the most expensive kind;
Yes, you can bank upon it,
It's a luxury in its line.

The music of the peddler
As it wafts upon the air,
In grand descriptive praises
Of the merits of his ware,
May have a note within it
That's high, yet can be raised,
And should you try to chin it,
You'll get wonderfully amazed.

It's the music of the peddler,
That's exactly what you buy;
He may throw you in a chromo
As the music may look high.
No difference what he's told you,
Or what impressions he has wrought,
Two-thirds of all he's sold you
Is the music you have bought.

SINGING IN THE CHOIR

It's kind o' ostentatious;
  It's an elevated place.
To sit behind the Preacher
  Before the congregation's face.
For there isn't any honor,
  Any greater, grander, higher,
Than the honor thus accruing,
  From belonging to a choir.

It's a graceful combination.
  And it fills a useful sphere;
Affording beauties for the lookers
  While it soothes the listening ear,
And those ribbons. silks. and draperies,
  Have a motion all admire,
As they rustle. flit, and mingle,
  With the music of the choir.

It's doubtful if the listeners
  In the common pews below.
Have a proper appreciation
  Of the music. but you know,
There are other compensations
  As no selfish vain desire
Could actuate a person
  Who'd be singing in a choir.

Sometimes we think they're jealous,
  Of this gay and favored few,
Because they render music
  So difficult and new.
And the uncultivated ear.
  Gets many an unpleasant jar
Before it becomes accustomed
  To the music of the choir.

When you speak to me of honors
  Yes the grandest honors known,
In the sphere of human greatness
  Where they make the gayest showing,
When asked the greatest height
  To which earthly hopes aspire,
I would answer with all candor;
  It is singing in a choir.

A NUT TO CRACK

Don't you ever once think
  You're ahead of your wife,
She's sure to get even
  Some time during life.
It has fully been proved
  As a sure, certain fact,
By the late Mrs. Goudy
  In her last dying act.

Her husband was bossy
  And stubborn in mind;
Evasive in his answers
  Of the brow-beating kind.
When she asked him a question
  On some matter of fact,
He would always just answer,
  "That's a nut you can crack."

The good lady seemed passive,
  And took it all kind;
Yet feeling she was wronged,
  Deep down in her mind
She was saying "It's borrowed,
  I'll pay it all back;
There'll sure be a time
  When a nut he can crack."

The years sped along
  And the family it grew
Till they doubled their number,
  As most families do.
They were blessed with two daughters,
  Bright, pretty and smart,
That held equal share
  In their fond father's heart.

And a day finally came
  When the good mother fell
A victim of sickness.
  A dire, fatal spell.
As she saw her end nearing
  She remembered her vow
And said it was time
  To get even now.

She called her dear husband
  To the side of her bed,
And, taking his hand,
  In her weakness she said,
"It's my dying request,
  Without reference to claim,
That you treat both my daughters
  Exactly the same."

"Of course." he replied,
"That's long been my plan;
But you'll please to explain,
As I can't understand
Why you make such request;
What thing have I done
To make you suspicion
I would slight either one?"

Then she said, "Dear husband,
To make matters more clear,
There's one that aint your's,
I'm sorry, my dear."
"What! What!" he repeated.
"Which! Which! tell me which!"
Then she smiled, faintly smiled,
And her mouth slightly twitched.

Her breath it grew shorter,
And, gasping, she said,
"I am dying, dear husband,
Will you please raise my head?"
And, with a great effort,
'Twas her last dying act,
She answered him kindly,
"That's a nut you can crack."

CHEWING GUM

The miserable practice is common, indeed,
Among all the vices it's far in the lead;
For the dainty and pretty and the girl with the bangs
All crush the quid with their glowing white fangs.

It's amusing to sit, and look down the rows
Of lassies a chewing and eyeing their beaux,
And see their chins timing the tune of the choir
As they sit up in church chewing quids they admire.

This jaw-aching gum is a curse and a blight,
Its sweet little victims crush, crush with delight
The sweet-scented gum distilled from old grease,
And the mania for the stuff is on the increase.

It's strange, very strange, and we can't understand,
But nature is cute in her probable plan,
To set the girl chewing and so strengthen her jaw,
That when she gets big, she may out-gossip her ma.

ITCH AND LICE

There's an old and shaky ladder
That I sometimes like to climb,
Leading way up to a garret
In the store house of my mind,
Where I've stored some rusty relics,
All so carefully hid away
'Neath the webs and dusts of years;
And I've climbed up there today.

As I ramsacked through the garret,
And was dusting off some pieces
That I found way up there, stickin',
In the set-offs and the creeses,
There were some that set me smilin'
In an old-time happy vain,
And a feeling all so childish
Kindly swept me back again.

Well, my flesh it sorty tingled.
And I kindy moved about
When I happened onto a saucer
With its edge just stickin' out,
Mussed up with old stick sulphur,
Way up almost out of reach,
That mother used when we were children,
When she'd grease us for the itch.

It set my fingers sorty curvin',
With their nails bowed up to scratch;
And I look between my fingers
For that angry old red patch.
While I took that stick of sulphur
I could hear the cut and screech
Of the knife, as mother mixed it,
When us children had the itch.

I can see us children gathered
Just before we'd go to bed,
And by turn our mother lookin'
Fumblin' nimbly through our head;
I can hear them nits a crackin'
When her nails closed like a vice;
There was death and dire destruction
To them nits and fat old lice.

When the crackin' act was over,
And our "lay-me-downs" were said,
After she had took an' stripped us;
But before we'd go to bed,
If she's sittin' by the mantel.
She would take her arm and reach
And get the saucer and the sulphur,
Then she'd grease us for the itch.

Well its sorty set me squirmin'
Its those old memories, I suppose;
And there's little itchy quivers
Chasin' 'round beneath my clothes.
It has sorty raised my dander,
And I've fancied once or twice
That I again was fighting
With our old time itch and lice.

Are you fifty? Even forty?
If you are I'm pretty sure
That you will understand it,
As you've seen it all before.
It's just children that aint seen it,
It's only them I hope to teach;
For I know that you old people
Have had lots of lice and itch.

I am sorry for these children;
O, poor things, they'll never know
What great things we used to have,
In the good old long ago.
They, of course, have many blessings
That are changeable and nice,
But they've nothing that stays with them
Equal to our itch and lice.

WHERE IS MY BOY

"Oh, where is my boy tonight?"
Has been sung all over the land.
And no one has thrown any light,
On the question as I understand.

"Oh, where is my boy tonight?"
The song makes the fond mother ask.
To answer this question aright
Has been a long dreaded task.

"Oh, where is my boy tonight?"
Poor mother he is badly astray.
I'll tell you, although I dislike
To give the young hopeful away.

No one knows where your boy is tonight,
As the grand jury has him at bay.
Fond mother, your darling's been tight,
And the druggists have sent him away.

MAN IS A MITE

Man is a mite.
A mere little speck,
So trivial and slight
You can hardly detect
That he's ever lived here;
Few that will know—
When he's dead for a year
There'll be little to show
That he ever had birth.
That he lived and he died
On the face of this earth;
Swallowed up by the tide
Of the great human throng,
In the surge and the strife,
As it goes moving on
In its struggle for life.

In the fullness of years.
His three score and ten.
He just disappears
And's unthought of again
His place will be filled
By a more recent man
With far greater skill—
An up-to-date hand.
And he in his course
Will meet the same fate,
When he's spent all his force,
And slackened his gait
He'll find he's been passed
By the man of the age;
The world has got fast,
And the New is the rage.

It's so with them all—
They come and they go,
They rise and they fall—
It has ever been so.
If a man will reflect
On the worth of his life,
He'll find he's a speck.
Just a mote in the strife.
He may live or may die,
It will make little odds;
Only those that are nigh
To the path that he trods
Will know when he goes.
Or remember him long;
His rank will be closed
By the surge of the throng.

He'll pass out of thought,
Be he humble or great,
It's the one common lot
Of mankind with his fate.

There's exceptions, of course,
Some live that are dead,
Whose lives are in force,
They have lived far ahead
Of their day and their age,
Been born out of time,
Are still on the stage,
And now in their prime.
They hand something down
Proving novel and new,
That the people have found
To be useful and true—
By the more recent light,
As the age has progressed,
Has sprung into sight
And the world has been blessed
By the train of their thought,
Or discoveries they've made—
Things that they've wrought
That their age was afraid
To accept there and then.
But their thoughts were refused,
And the far-seeing men
Were likely abused
In the narrow confines
Of the thought of suppress
By the men and the minds
Their aim was to bless.

But the man that's in tune
With his age and its men,
Live he long, die he soon.
Then his life it shall end
If he fails to observe,
Or forecast what's to come,
With the age he has served,
When its past he is done.

The fate of this earth
With mankind, it implies,
First, he has birth.
Then he lives and he dies,
Though his learning be great,
Having honor and fame,
Is rich in estate,
His fate is the same.

In the prime of this man
He's a speck, nothing more,
Like a grain of the sand
Heaved up on the shore,
Swept back by the tide
As receding again—
In his pomp and his pride
He is simply a man,
With the history that's covered
At its end by the gloom
That forever has hovered
O'er the one common tomb.
His funeral is preached
When his death has occurred,
And the conclusion's been reached
That a speck has been blurred.

"HEN-PECKED."

You may talk of your heroes
That're valiant in strife;
Of the pains they endured
In their struggle for life.
When their battles were o'er
They had peace and respect.
But there's no honor nor rest
For the man that's hen-pecked.

You may sing of your martyrs,
Once burned at the stake,
And talk of the horrors
That followed their wake;
Their suffering was dreadful,
But then recollect,
There are martyrs that're daily
And hourly hen-pecked.

He is a martyr indeed,
Poor pitiful soul,
A picture of suffering
That's sad to behold.
By the look of his countenance
You can easily detect
The unceasing anguish
Of the man that's hen-pecked.

WHEN THE SUGAR'S ON THE PUNKIN

(A Parody.)

When the sugar's on the punkin and the fodder's in the beef,
And the corn is in the pork. and the winter brings relief
From the cacklin of the ginney and the cluckin' of the hen;
And the rooster's halylooyer has grown a little thin;
For the weather's stopped their racket and housed them up for rest;
Oh. then's the time a feller is a feelin' at his best.
Of course we can't say sartin about the Hoosier boys,
But that's the way we like it over here in Illinois.

Before the frost has struck the punkin we have it in the pot.
And when it's stewed enough we put sugar on the lot,
And the punkin butter's done, its then we roast or bake
Or fry or broil the beef the fodder helped to make.
And when it's on the table and you see it settin' there
It's a better appetizer than any autumn air.
And if you're fond of eatin', 'tis then you'd just as lief,
When the sugar's on the punkin and the fodder's in the beef.

You may talk of Injeanny with its many hills and rocks,
Its puny, frost bit punkins and its fodder in the shocks,
Its struttin' turkey gobblers and its halylooyer cocks,
Till you set your heart a clickin' like the tickin' of the clocks,
And work yourself all up in one of your Hoosier pets,
And imagine you're as happy as a creature ever gets;
But our joy is less spasmodic—a little gentler, not so brief—
When the sugar's on the punkin and the fodder's in the beef.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.
It's then the cheeky Hoosier would make a holy mock,
And invite the holy angels to help him loaf awhile,
With his fodder takin' water and his punkins 'bout to spile.
Did you ever! ever! ever! see such a stock of gall?
A right industrious angel isn't very apt to call.
Oh. that's a Sucker's notion, and we're firm in our belief,
When the sugar's on the punkin and the fodder's in the beef.

The silly bareheaded Hoosier may monkey with his stock;
And let his punkins spile, with his fodder in the shock.
It's a picture of neglect that no inky pen can paint.
With which the thrifty Sucker is wholly unacquaint.
There is no such procedure on his pretty prairie farm;
He puts them under cover, safe from frost and storm.
And the Sucker as a farmer is the king, the boss, the chief,
When the sugar's on the punkin and the fodder's in the beef.

ILLINOIS IS THE CHEESE

She's a state of wellbeing,
She's the center of earth,
For a year in attraction,
Forever in worth.
Don't you make
A mistake,
And go moving around
In search of a better,
It cannot be found,
For Old Illinois,
I will tell you my boys,
Is the boss of the lot,
Now remember that's what.

She's a state of advancement,
And moves with great stride,
She's a marvel in resource,
A great nation's pride.
But don't you get gay
Only mind what I say,
And come to our show,
Where you'll find every word
I have told you is so,
For there you'll behold
That the half was not told.

She's a state, with a city
That is called Chicago,
Whose fame for her greatness,
Caught the world with her show,
And I'll bet
If you get
To visit her sights,
In their fullness of splendor,
When her show's at its heights;
'Mid amazement and wonder;
I know you will say,
Illinois is the cheese
While the world is the whey.

THE TRAMP

The tramp is a nuisance
To be pitied, poor thing;
Has his bread for its asking—
In fact he's a king
That levies a tribute
On the subjects he meets.
Wherever he's hungry
There he stops and he eats.

With an eye to his health
He requests a hand out,
Knowing kings that are feasted
Are subject to gout;
And are unable to visit
Through their kingdom, at all;
But confined in a mansion,
To chafe and to gall

Beneath dire affliction
That has surely been bred
By the cream of the land
Upon which they've been fed.
But the tramp is much wiser;
By experience he's found
That he has his health better
When he's moving around.

His kingdom is wide,
And his subjects are rich,
He can stop with just any,
And he doesn't care which.
He's in touch with his subjects
In his official acts,
Which mainly consist
In collecting his tax.

He asks not for silver,
And he doesn't want gold,
As they neither stop hunger,
Or keep out the cold.
But for pressing necessities
And immediate demands,
He requests of his subjects
From their charitable hands.

That they give him directly
Old shoes for his feet,
Old clothes for his body.
And cold victuals to eat.
As he knocks in his meekness,
You may know by the taps
On the back kitchen door
That His Majesty raps.

And your heart will melt kindly
When you hear how he says,
With a touch of humility
In his manner and ways—
In a voice that is pleading,
Low, musical and sweet,
"Could you help a poor fellow
To a morsel to eat,

That is looking for labor,
And is honest though poor?"
You have heard it so often
From the tramp at your door,
That I'll not recite further—
Those tales of his woe.
But when you have fed him
And he's ready to go,

As you watch him departing,
Have you ever once thought
That this man has a history,
Though sad be his lot?
Away back at the end
Of this long, lonely road,
In its winding descent,
Is his childhood's abode.

Sometime and somewhere
This tramp you have fed,
Has been loved by a mother,
And has nestled his head
In a bosom that has heaved
With its love for a boy.
He has basked in the smiles,
And the love, and the joy

Of a home far away,
Where a mother's kind hand
Has supplied all the wants
Of this low, aimless man.
Away down in his heart
There is smouldering away
Fond memories in sadness
As he wanders today.

There's a spot in his heart,
And a spark, yet, that's true—
A cord you could touch,
If you only just knew
That part of his history
That's led him astray,
And made him the vagrant
You see him today,

As he tramps, all alone,
Down the road to nowhere,
With no hope of reward,
When he's finally got there.
For his life has been blighted
By some act in the past—
He is scorned and rejected
As a worthless outcast

That is fed out of pity,
For the resemblance he bears
To the man that's been faithful
To this life with its cares.
And God, only, knows
What's behind and before
In the long, lonely route
Of this tramp at your door.

HAPPINESS

There is nothing satisfying
In this fleeting world of ours;
The joy is all in trying
The tension of our powers.
It's the act, the exercising,
The satisfaction of employ,
And not the realizing
That brings a person joy.

There's no happiness in leisure,
It's a stale unnatural state;
If your seeking after pleasure
Just brisken up your gate.
For the air, the streams, the ocean
Fan and sparkle with the thought
Of the wholesomeness of motion
That the slothful hasn't got.

If it's happiness you are wanting,
Then to business I would say;
Never ceasing, nothing daunting,
Continual every day.
It's effort, not the getting,
It's pursuit not to possess,
That's so helpful and so fitting
In the line of happiness.

"BACK THERE."

"Back there" is quite a place—
I suppose it is at least
As I've heard of it so much—
It's somewhere over east:
And the very smartest folks,
That's found most anywhere,
Have lots of things to tell
About a place they call "back there."

I've tried to find it on the map
But I fear I never will.
Our school marm says she thinks
It's somewhere near Brazil,
In that noted hoop pole state
Among the clayie hills so bare.
Perhaps the man that makes the maps
Has never been "back there."

I'd love to see the place,
I know it must be great,
The way they do things up
From what I've heard them state.
It surely beats the world.
And I really do declare
That the only wonder is
They did not stay "back there."

MAN LIKE THE MOON

Oh the beautiful moon with its borrowed light!
The brilliant moon, the queen of the night!
Beaming so proudly, yet softly the ray.
Lent her so kindly by the great king of day.

The beautiful moon reminds us of men,
That are borrowing their light from one that can lend.
They are groping in darkness endeavoring to shine
By reflecting the brightness of light that's divine.

Like the moon, so the man, in splendor arrayed;
His light is another's, his fullness shall fade,
And back in the darkness he will pass very soon
To wait for his change like the beautiful moon.

DECORATION POEM

'Tis the thirtieth day of May
In this month of blooming flowers,
'Tis a national holiday,
And this national heart of ours,

Beats and throbs with patriotism,
And we lay aside all care.
Our politics and creeds and isms.
And there's gathering everywhere.

Through the length of this great nation
In loyal concourse so sublime
Of every shade, from every station
They have met and with one mind

They are gathering, sadly bearing
From the hill and dellside bowers,
All bedecked and many carrying
Wreaths and garlands of bright flowers.

They are coming in their reverence
For a nation's honored dead,
With no special thought or preference
For the rank of those that led.

But they're mourning with the widow
And that orphan by the tomb
'Neath the bending, weeping willow,
Mid the sadness of the gloom.

All are joining with that brother
And that sister here today;
That aged father and that mother
That still linger by the way.

All in reverence broad and sweeping,
They're our kindred and our pride,
All our loved ones peacefully sleeping,
Though their graves are scattered wide.

Some unknown, unmarked by marble
Where stray roses sweetly bloom
And the wild birds only warble
There today above their tomb.

While there's music sadly stirring
Memories of our brave ones gone;
Many speeches all referring
To our valiant ones beyond

This low vale of strife and battle
And the missiles that they throw
From the musketry and rattle
Of the cannons of the foe.

They are sleeping peaceful slumbers;
We are honoring them today.
Though we know not all their numbers
Or some graves wherein they lay.

Yet we know their fight was gallant
And that life they had to give
Was the all of him so valiant
Who died that we today might live

In this free and happy sunshine
Of this compact firm and grand;
God's most favored of all climes—
Our Columbia's happy land.

Undivided in one Union;
That's the gift they had to give;
Interstate and free communion,
Yes, they died that we might live.

And today we're humbly paying
Out paltry gifts of flowers and thought,
By these acts we're yearly saying
Such deeds and men are not forgot.

We will make their lives immortal,
We'll perpetuate their name.
And if they live beyond yon portal
They have each a double fame.

And we look away up yonder
While we try to part that vale
We cannot—we're only mortal
And our sight is short and frail.

But we wonder if they know them,
And what great battles they have won;
Do the angels up there show them
Much respect for what they've done?

Have they rank or have they station,
And are some respected more?
If they are this loyal nation
Has many heroes on yon shore.

Where flowers bud and bloom forever
And there's music all the time;
Where cruel war can never sever
Are there no tombs in yonder clime?

In our faith we make the query
And these comrades here today
With their wars and trials weary
Are only waiting by the way

For the long role's final beating
That shall summons them away
To a last and happy meeting,
Where there's one eternal day.

And our answer to this query
Is that all up there is right.
There're no marches long and dreary.
There's no death and there's no night.

When we weave them, kindly weave them
Garlands from our choicest bowers,
We can but leave them, thankfully leave them
Beneath a wilderness of flowers

And turn to mingle with these living
Grand old heroes glorified
In the proffer not the giving
Just as much as though they'd died.

They've made their country that same tender;
They have braved the lead and steel
In their struggles to defend her
On many a bloody battlefield

Just the same as these have done
Whose honored graves we strow today.
Let's thank them all. yes everyone;
'Tis a debt we cannot pay.

All these heroes, they are ours
And with pride we sing their fame
These noble dead. they ask but flowers
These living. they have many claims.

We should show them special greeting,
Go and take them by the hand;
Let them know by the way we treat them
That they're honored in this land.

Where they've suffered much privation
In their patriotic strife.
We should show by our relation
With them in our daily life

That we love them and respect them
As we love our liberty,
And hold them fond in recollection
For what they've done for you and me.

For a day will shortly dawn
When it's beyond our human powers;
Our last old hero will soon be gone,
Then we can give them only flowers.

But while we bask in all these favors
With our abiding sense of right
Secured by those that never waver
From the fierceness of the fight,

We should not become so narrow
With our honors for the true
That we turn our face in horror
From that other point of view.

May God in his kindness
Forgive their cruel prison crimes
While there's living to remind us
Those that died a thousand times.

In those hell holes of cecession,
Darkest spot that will e'er disgrace
God Almighty's broad creation.
In any age or any race.

Infinite love alone can pardon;
Human heart demands revenge.
If there's a hell beyond the Jordan,
Where flames ever leap and singe

You and I would there consign
To that everlasting death.
Where imps would tauntingly them remind
Of our heroes they starved to death.

But we are neither judge or jury,
And 'tis well we have no say;
We'd be biased in our fury.
But there's a coming judgment day

And a judge whose find is final
All according to their deeds;
It's a comforting remindal
That exactly fits our needs.

But their soldiers fought us grandly
In open field although deceived,
Rebel soldiers fair and manly
For the right, as they believed.

All beliefs of education
Surroundings are apt to bias mind;
A heart with loyal aspiration
Is akin to the divine.

That would die for its conviction
And best conception of the right,
Today is safe without restriction
In a higher and holier light.

Although mistaken, they were daring;
Acting valiantly their part;
Upright and brave in all their bearing,
'Twas just the head and not the heart.

Let's mingle pity with our reverence
And exchange them flowers today;
Our own in blue, they have the preference
Yet we're mindful of the gray.

'Tis just in thought we disagree;
We dare not judge their inward powers,
Let's spread the cloak of charity
Today along with all our flowers.

ODE TO THE MULE

O, the mule, the quiet mule,
Kind, submissive, firm and cool;
But a prudent man will not fool
About the heels of a gentle mule.

O, the mule is a dandy brute.—
The comic mule in his woolly suit,—
A combination that's just too cute,—
A horse and donkey in cahoot.

I had a friend that once was fond
Of the gentle mule, but went beyond
Proper bonds, so now he's gone
By the kick of a mule to the great beyond.

CROAKERS OF 1891

A croaking, grumling farmer,
  Is a real mean disgrace
To a happy, prosperous country,
  And is badly out of place,
In this, our Illinois,
  He's a liar by the year,
And should move out to Kansas
  To keep his conscience clear.

Last spring the wheat froze out,
  The oats, they would not do,
The cut worm squirmed about
  And the chinch bug, it came to.
Then the drought, it just set in,
  And the croaker raised a bawl,
But I'll tell you, sir, old Illinois
  Was too much for them all.

Its worms, and drought and chinch bugs,
  You've heard it o'er and o'er.
Next spring just lay for him,
  He's sure to croak some more
That same old silly song.
  But now he'd better stop
And go to building bins
  To hold his this year's crop.

And yet this year, I must admit,
  At times it looked as though
The annual lies these croakers tell
  For once might turn out so.
But since we've growed so grand a crop
  Despite their bugs and drought,
I now propose for Illinois
  These croakers shut their mouth.

THE BOYS THAT'S GETTING GRAY

I wonder what's the matter,
What's the difference now and then,
To me they're only boys
While others call them men.
They are bigger, perhaps they're wiser,
Yet their heart still beats away
With that same old childish impulse,
Though their heads are getting gray.

I wonder if they're busy,
Have they time to turn about,
And take a little ramble
O'er that old familiar route.
To those happy homes of childhood
I invite them back today,
There is recreation in it
For those boys that'r getting gray.

I wonder what they're thinking,
Does their memory run
With mine way back through childhood
Those scenes and times of fun.
In those barefoot winds and wanders
With the frolics by the way,
Have they ever thought them over
Since their heads are getting gray.

Have they dogs and bows and arrows.
Have they horses that they race.
Have they hooks and poles and fish-lines,
Are their guns about the place.
Are they having kissing parties
Where there're pawns to sell and pay,
I mean just in their mind
Since their heads are getting gray.

Do they want a whiff of sunshine.
Don't they want to whit their heart,
Do they want to feel their blood bound,
With a childish flit and start.
Wouldn't they like to come and ramble
For awhile they cannot stay
O'er childhood's happy playground
Since their heads are getting gray.

Are their lives and days as happy,
  Are their prospects just as bright,
Do they romp as much in day-time,
  Can they rest as well at night.
Have they got that same old sweetheart,
  With which they used to play,
Does she love them true as ever
  When their heads are getting gray.

Do they ever go a skating.
  Are they sly and crafty still.
Do they steal away on Sunday,
  With their sled upon the hill,
Do they ever steal tobacco
  And slyly hide away
To enjoy the bliss of smoking,
  Since their heads are getting gray.

Are their parents still a living.
  Where's their brothers, do they know,
And those sisters that we played with
  In that childhood long ago.
Are they living well and hearty,
  Perhaps some have passed away,
And they now are lonely orphans
  When their heads are getting gray.

Well to me they're simply children.
  Only boys, that's all they are,
They may boast of noble manhood
  With its ponderous weight of care,
There's a telltale air about them
  And unconsciously they say,
We still are boys together
  Though our heads are getting gray.

Well. their heads will get grayer
  And their teeth will all fall out.
Their bodies bowed and weary
  Will go totteringly about,
But I beg you please, in memory
  Of our happy childhood days
That you keep your heart still youthful
  When your heads have grown gray.

WHAT IT SAYS

If a man would preach the Bible,
And have other people believe it,
He must preach it as he finds it,
And not ask them to receive it,
After he has changed the wording,
Where its often disagreed,
With those precious doctrines taught
In his church's holy creed.

If a man would preach the Bible,
He must preach the whole, entire,
As the language of the Lord,
Through the one he would inspire.
And claim the whole Book means
Exactly what it says,
And should not be translated
Over fifty different ways.

If a man would preach the Bible,
He should never vainly seek
To show his little smattering
Of the Latin and the Greek.
The pulpit is no place
For him to make displays,
And try to prove the Bible
Don't mean just what it says.

If a man would preach the Bible,
He must tend his own affairs;
For the skeptics will not thank him
For his meddling thus with theirs,
As this has been their business
At which they ever play.
To pervert, and claim the Scriptures
Don't mean just what they say.

THE POLLIWOG

I've been out around the country,
  Up about the polliwog,
That used to be the happy home
  Of the noisy, jolly frog,
In the settlin' of the country,
  When the weeds grew rank and tall
Along its boggy edges,
  With rosin weeds and all.

That yearly bloomed and blossomed
  Up the slope and o'er the way,
By the mound that marked the den
  Where the wolf in safety lay,
On, and out a little further—
  O'er the hill, and just beyond,
Could be seen as they were feeding
  There, the buck, the doe, the fawn.

And further up around the hillside,
  Where they'd mowed and made the hay,
Could be heard the prairie chicken
  In his ta la boom be la;
With here and there a little shanty,
  And an ox-team—several yoke
Slowly moving up the furrow
  That the other round had broke.

On the high ground just adjacent
  To this muddy polliwog,
Lay the farms then fenced and guarded
  By the faithful yaller dog,
While that bird they call the pump-suck—
  Much too smart for all decoys,
With his rip-saw sort of raspin'
  Of a hideous kind of noise,

Would so loudly pipe his music
  For that farmer on the hill,
Till the cranes would come and light—
  Kind o' jump, and dodge, and trill,
All dance and chatter gaily
  In a half quadrille and dialogue
To the music of the pump-suck,
  'Mid the flags of polliwog.

And the ducks and geese came flying
With the coming of the spring—
There to loaf, and dive and chatter;
And the polliwog would ring
With their peculiar kind of music
Till some hunter from the shore
Would raise his gun and shoot among 'em
And the crack, the bang, the roar,

Would send 'em off a flyin.'
Till the air was black and blue
With their bodies and their quackin',
As only geese and ducks can do.
And the sun would shine and sparkle
Thro' the mist, the spray, the fog,
Putting rainbows just behind them
As they left the polliwog.

And it nearly sets me shoutin'!
Oh, the fun so wild and gay,
As I sit and think about it—
But it all has passed away.
For there's ditches, tile and drainage,
And she's farmed from shore to shore;
Instead of frogs there's corn and millet,
And the polliwog's no more.

To the south, upon its hillside,
On a once wild, lovely mound
That's been spoiled by a little burg,
For its all growed up in town.
And my heart is filled with sorrow
As I sit in solitude,
And look across the once grand country
With its wildness all subdued.

And they're scarce that's left to tell 'em,
All those early happy tales.
Just a few of us old duffers,
And the rabbits and the quails
Are all that's left today as relics
Of that age of marsh and bog—
As today we look in sorrow
On the ruins of polliwog.

WHAT IS MAN?

What is man and what's his mission?
Why is he here in this condition?
What can he hope, or what's his pleasure?
What's his reward or what's his treasure?

What is man, how came he here
In this cold world so dark and drear?
So full of pain and bitter grief,
From which there can be no relief.

What of man, what of his knowledge?
What can they do for him at college,
Except to teach him he's a fool,
Just starting out in life's great school.

A silly boy may oft surmise,
That he is smart, or even wise;
But experience—school of after days—
Will change the boy and mend his ways.

The boy a man, his mind will change,
When once at large on life's broad range.
He will be astonished at what's before,
Compared with what he has in store.

The smartest man when at his best
Is but a step before the rest;
For all are but a stupid mass
Of brother fools in one great class.

Then what of man, where is he tending;
That gray haired man which age is bending,
What can he hope but pain and sorrow,
Has the grave for him lost all its horror?

Ha! see him smile and slowly mope,
Tho' bent with age, inspired with hope;
Yes, hope still tells him, never fear,
Thou, yet, shall live for many a year.

O cruel hope of human heart,
Thou cans't a world of joy impart
Through idle fancies of the mind,
And thus deceive poor weak mankind.

O silly man, that foolish hope,
Within thy breast is but a rope
Around thy neck and o'er a beam—
Time's trap is sprung and where's thy dream.

BACHELORS

Bachelors are very scarce.
And yet there are a few,
Scattered here and there
With no special end in view.
They seem to be meandering
Along the shores of time.
Waiting for a passage
To a more congenial clime.

A bachelor is a fellow,
Who hasn't got the sand
To obey his Maker's voice,
Or carry out his plan.
He fails to act his part
And does not take his place
Among the noble men
Who benefit their race.

Bachelors are very scarce.
And yet there are enough;
For the kind of men we want
Are made of different stuff;
They are men with sense enough,
And who are not afraid
To nobly fill the place,
For which a man is made.

MENTAL HASH

In thought as well as food, there seems to be a waste.
That's easily seasoned o'er to suit the people's taste.
Old and time-worn thoughts from out the stacks of trash,
Are slyly forced upon us in the shape of mental hash.

Yes, slyly forced upon us by many clever crooks.
They feed it from the rostrum, they dish it up in books.
On paper plates and spoons; and it's come to such a pass,
That the mental man must starve or feed upon the hash.

Our mental world's a waste; it once was highly blest
By great and shining lights that's gone to perfect rest;
And their mantle has fallen upon a very inferior class.
That's stealing from the dead to feed the living, hash.

We need original thoughts from independent minds,
That's not afraid to step beyond the day and times,
And give us something fresh from nature's rich repast
Spread for hungry minds that's foundered out on hash.

A LEAK IN THE HEAD

Only a leak,—what a funny disease.
You may scoff at the thought, and laugh if you please;
And call it bad luck. But when properly said,
The term that is used is a leak in the head.

Many a man, and that unawares,
Complains at his chance and growls at his cares;
And calls failure fate, when really, instead,
The man is at fault.—There's a leak in his head.

When you hear a man talking, as if he just knew
Exact to a scratch how others should do,
You can bet he's a failure, and not worth a red,
And is badly afflicted with a leak in his head.

Then take the man who is badly abused,
Awfully imposed upon, and cruelly misused,—
Has been slighted, neglected, defrauded and bled;
Yes, all in his mind. There's a leak in his head.

When you hear a man blowing, without a cent in his jeans,
What he would do, if he only had means,
You may set it right down, every word that he's said,
Is only a pointer to the leak in his head.

Simply a leak,—yet, the man never sees
That the trouble all lies in that awful disease.
He is looking abroad for the cause in a dread,
When the fault is at home,—There's a leak in his head.

SPRING POET

The beautiful spring is sure to bring
The musical ring of the poet. poor thing;
You bet the poet
Will take a dead set,
When he sees the beautiful trees.
He'll be so pleased that he will squeeze
His prolific brain for a strain
Of verse again.

In the beautiful days when the poet plays
In the mystic haze that springtime sways,
Roaming o'er as heretofore
Up and down the beautiful shore,
Where the grass grows and the zephyr blows
And the fragrant rose perfumes his nose;
Beautiful clime, most sublime
Where poets chime.

The suffering Ed. provoked till he said
'Wish they were dead, these poets that's fed
On inspiration from creation's
Vegetation.'
With maddened haste his poem was placed
In the basket among the waste;
And had the poet known it
He would not have wrote it.

POVERTY

O poverty! it seems that fate
Has chose thee for my constant mate,
Or why abide thou thus with me,
Unbidden guest of poverty?

O poverty! thou fiend accurst,
Of all my foes thou art the worst.
I dread thee, hate thee, yet with delight
Thou tauntest me by day and night.

When all compassed in want's dark storm,
'Tis then I see thy jeering form
That sports about with fiendish glee—
Thou starving fiend of poverty.

When in my rags I view the form
Of others clothed so snug and warm,
'Tis then in wrath I turn on thee—
Thou freezing fiend of poverty.

There's just one hope, that by and by
In peaceful rest I soon shall lie
Beneath rich earth; I then shall be
Hid from thy sight, O poverty!

THE PERSECUTED MAN

Good morning, Mr. Pawnbroker,
  You are the man I want to see;
It's protection that I want,
  For my wife is after me.
You have likely had experience,
  As you are married, I suppose;
My life is not in danger,
  But she's tearing up my clothes!

I do not want to borrow—
  Just storage, understand—
That I may save my clothing
  From a swift, destructive hand,
That already has played havoc
  With all its fell upon;
The carpet is just commenced,
  And still she's tearing on!

The carpet is well enough
  And my wife is very good,
I have supplied her with the chain
  And helped her all I could.
But I think she's off her base—
  She's "cranky," goodness knows—
At least her mania after rags
  Is riddling up my clothes.

She took my Sunday coat
  And tore it into shreds;
It wasn't much account,
  And, besides, she calmly said:
"Suppose it was,
  Why, husband dear, indeed,
(Still holding up the ball,)
  It's just the stripe I need."

First one and then another,
  My wardrobe's nearly gone—
Excepting those few pieces,
  And these that I have on—
And as I like a change,
  I'll leave them here in store,
'Till that confounded carpet
  Is down and on the floor.

THE CLERGY

We're indebted to the clergy
In our nation of today;
We owe them quite a debt
Which we justly ought to pay.
It's a debt of gratitude,
Or money, if you choose.
And in the name of honesty
I demand they have their dues.

We're requiring of the clergy
That they be educated.
Which means years and years of study,
For which they ne'er get compensated.
For a thousand dollars yearly
In the clergy, we expect
That which, in secular life,
Would be a ten thousand intellect.

We're exacting of the clergy,
In a very thoughtless way,
Many little duties
For which they get no pay.
We give them special notice
With a confidential air,
That so and so is sick
And they're expected there.

We expect the noble clergy
To linger by the bed
Of the slowly dying man,
And when he's finally dead.
He's expected at the grave,
In a complimentary way.
With a handsome funeral sermon
Without the thought of pay.

We're imposing on the clergy
I'm very sad to say.
We're quick to increase their labor,
But slow to raise their pay.
We allow them just a living,
'Tis all they need, of course.
And support them then as paupers
When their life has spent its force.

EXCUSES FOR THE SHOW

It's curious, it's very curious,
  Nevertheless it's true;
I've seen it Oh, so often,
  And I wouldn't doubt but you
Have wondered, often wondered
  How a heart would come and go.
And be stirred with parental kindness,
  By the coming of a show.

The father then grows fonder
  Of his children than before,
As the show day draws the nearer
  He loves them more and more.
He has business in the city.
  But cares nothing for the show;
He wants the children to see the animals,
  So they might as well all go.

The stingy, brutal father,
  That bangs his boy around,
And never allows the lad
  To go with him to town
On ordinary occasions;
  When a show is once at hand,
He is bound his boy shall see it,
  And is quite a liberal man.

He buys them cheese and crackers
  And bologna like as not,
And peanuts if they want them.
  It makes no difference what;
His purse strings are unloosened,
  And his heart is all aglow;
He's nowhere half so happy
  As with his children at the show.

Most times there's lots of children,
  But there's a time when they're scarce
And I'll tell you then they'll miss them,
  If there's none about the place.
It's then I pity childless parents,
  And I really do not know
How they manage for excuses,
  When they want to see the show.

THE ASPIRING BOY

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To cope or equal any sage,
In depth of thought or pleasant tone,
Or soar in mind to lands unknown.

They say it's dangerous for a boy
To allow himself thus to decoy,
His infant mind so far away,
To worlds of thought where great minds play.

We boys must stay where we belong,
Unless we take our mas along,
And they all seem so very shy,
And won't be caught out on a fly.

It's a funny thing how mind can soar,
As quick as thought from shore to shore,
And then at will come back with ease,
Or go just where and when they please.

Wisdom and knowledge will so inflate,
And place the mind in such a state
That it with ease and grace will rise,
And soar aloft among the skies.

So I'll be big and wise, right soon,
And take a trip up to the moon,
And go from there to planet Mars,
And then come back by other stars.

And on my way encounter minds,
In search of thoughts of different kinds,
Some loaded down with mental stores
And pressing back for native shores.

I'll encounter none but master minds,
As there's no chance for the weaker kinds.
Large, inflated and well balanced
Are the only kind of flying talents.

In mind and thought on brilliant wings
I'll take a trip for what it brings,
Happy flight yes bye and bye,
I'll wing a way to yonder sky.

HUMAN NATURE

Human nature is human nature,
All the world around.
And men are simply men,
No difference where they're found;
They are pretty much the same,
You'll find each mother's son,
Has an object of his own,
And looking out for number one.

Human nature is human nature,
And it's selfish to the core,
And when you're flattered by a human,
You may bet its pretty sure,
His attentions have an object,
And you're very apt to find,
He would simply set you turning,
While he held his ax to grind.

Human nature is human nature,
Friends are friends for what they gain,
There's little use for much palaver,
Just as well to put it plain.
What's the use to make pretense,
That bears upon its face the lie,
While by our daily life we're saying,
Every hog must root or die.

TOBACCO

Tobacco, thou shouldst know thy place.
Why seekest thou thus to disgrace
Decent folks, while yet there's room
Among the low to spread thy gloom?

Tobacco, O thou dirty stuff,
Go fumigate the rabbling rough.
Go seek those haunts that suit thee well,
And there among the filthy dwell.

Go fasten thy fangs upon the snobs,
Go poison the throat of him that swabs,
Go shed thy stench on him that snuffs
And make thy home among the toughs.

Accursed stuff, most vile indeed;
Thou nasty, dirty, filthy weed
Thou art a plague, a thief, a curse,
That wrecks the man and robs his purse.

THIS WORLD CANNOT DEFINE

Mankind! O, foolish man!
I ask no help of thee,
Thou canst not understand
These things that trouble me;
Thy wisdom is but naught,
Thy theories are unsound;
I care not for thy thought,
On speculative ground.

Mankind! Thou egotistic man!
Explain this present life,
Then claim to understand
What lies beyond this strife;
Tell how the grasses grow,
Explain this throbbing heart.
First tell me what you know,
Of the world in which thou art.

Mankind! Poor ignorant man!
O, jabbering, braying crank!
Thy precepts, I understand,
By far thy walk out-rank,
Profess, assume and blow;
I have no use for such,
Tell only what you know,
And do not guess so much.

I long for later news,
I am foundered out on stales,
I'm sick of these reviews,
Of old and absurd tales.
Any man, is but a man,
And knows no more than I,
Of the way, or a better land,
(So said) beyond the sky.

I look beyond the man,
With a longing, wishful mind,
To a world more wise and grand;
And would that perfect clime
Might send some witness down,
With answers of all kind,
To the questions that belong
To the weak and finite mind.

I wish that I could meet,
Some saved and happy soul,
Whose fair and tender feet
Had trod those streets of gold;
And hear them tell the tale
Of rapture and of bliss,
Beyond the Jordan's vale;
In a better world than this.

O, how I'd dearly love
To meet an all-wise mind,
Infinite and above
Our weak and mortal kind,
With knowledge sure and sound,
Who'd understand the task,
To properly expound
The questions I would ask.

I ask to meet one saint
From wisdom's happy world,
With words and manners quaint,
That would for me unfold,
The mysteries, that so long
Have hovered in my mind.
Where queries crowd and throng,
"This world cannot define."

CANDIDATE

Who is that man with smiling face,
That friendly man with bowing grace,
That here of late
Is shaking hands with all about?
He's the nicest man and there's no doubt,
He's a candidate.

Who is this man—its Oh so sad
To think his friends—its just too bad—
How he did hate—
But then his friends, they did insist;
The obliging man could not resist
Being a candidate.

Most noble man! He's much abused,
His friends did call—they wish to use—
He has the trait—
He loves his friends—they make demands,
And he's today just in their hands
As a candidate.

Go slow poor man, there's much depends;
The boys must smoke; you'll find your friends
Would badly hate
To furnish means—the ready tin—
Which you must have if you would win
As a candidate.

"WHERE DO YOU GO FROM HERE?"

When the season comes for starting,
With his grip upon the road,
And the traveling man is parting,
With those of his own abode;
It is quite a solemn task,
To part from those that're dear,
And tell each one that asks,
"Where do you go from here?"

As he takes his common round,
And meets the usual trade.
Perhaps in the same old town
That he for years has made,
As he bids them each, good-day,
And leaves his customer,
They're always sure to say,
"Where do you go from here?"

When he wants to quit the town,
And orders out his grip,
While the porter lingers 'round,
Awaiting his usual tip.
If his hotel bill is paid,
The coast will now be clear,
As soon as all have said,
"Where do you go from here?"

When his work is finally closed,
His grip is packed away,
And he's turned up his toes,
As his fellows lightly say,
It's over, understand,
For it doth not yet appear;
What becomes of the traveling man,
When he's finally gone from here?

EVENING THOUGHTS

It was one September evening,
  On a very pleasant night;
The moon was at its fullest
  And shining very bright;
Not a cloudlet could be seen,—
  The evening very fair,
And the flowers had lent their fragrance
  To perfume the evening air.

All nature seemed at rest,—
  In a still and deep repose;
And the gentle falling dew drop
  Had silvered o'er the rose,
And sparkling on the grasses
  That gracefully bow'd assent,
To the balmy evening zephyrs
  That gently came and went.

As I strode among the scenery
  On that delightful night
And breathed the fragrant air,
  And viewed the dazzling sight,
My mind was called away,
  To the evening time of life,—
That hoary silver eve,
  Of rest that's after strife.

The morning time of youth,
  With its hopes and joys are past.
The noon of strength is reached.
  And its fortunes are amassed,
And the evening sun is sinking
  Down life's western slope.
And the night time is nearing
  With its bright halo of hope.

May thy evenings grow the brighter
  As thy sun slowly sets.
And the glory of the twilight
  Banish fears and regrets.
Be thy last hours the brightest
  As ye near the eve and end,
Is ever the desire
  Of the writer and your friend.

WITH NOAH'S HOARD

Although a tale contains some whacks
It may convey a line of facts
That's worth our while in spite of doubt
To sift the chaff and sort them out.

If Noah's ark should prove a fake,
That awful flood a big mistake.
And all that rain a temperance joke,
A nightmare dream of some old soak;

Those ponderous beams and all that pitch
Within and out in every nitch,
And all those speals that Noah made
To all those folks that weren't afraid

To stand about and joke and laugh,
All poking fun at Noah's craft
And watch him as he put on board
By twos and pairs that mighty hoard,

Of every beast of every kind
And creeping things that he could find
All snugly stored, also with feed
As suited to their special need.

And watch him as he shut the door
And when the rain begun to pour
It was Noah's time to crack a joke
He says "You all go take a soak."

The first day out he struck the trail
Of Jonah's ark, a monstrous whale;
It was spouting high up in the air
He just rescued a royal pair.

He was sighting land, it was hard to find
The nice and dry he had in mind.
His passengers, a queen, a duke,
Were anxious he should make his puke.

This whale had learned on rescue lines
Some things about these great combines
Of twos and pairs how life was gave
Likewise sustained and should be saved.

And people too with thinking brains
Could also learn by taking pains
That nature's facts likewise were stored
In twos and pairs with Noah's hoard.

THE BOOZER

There is nothing to a boozer
So there's nothing much to say
If I'm to be the chooser
Of the advice we give today.
To this brute that swills the liquor,
I'd increase it if I could,
For the more he drinks the quicker
He'll be down and out for good.

Just his friends I would advise
That they leave him all alone
Or he'll shortly put them wise
To some troubles of their own,
For if you monkey with a boozer
Or befriend him in a pinch,
At the windup you're the loser;
Now remember—that's a cinch.

N. B.

Everybody's hollowing "hello"
In manner, speech or ways
They are beckoning for attention,
Recognition, notice, praise,
All have something they are proud of,
Little difference what they've got,
What its worth or what its value,
Just a hobby like as not.

Some 're possessed of pretty features,
Others form artistic shape;
Some have turns and gifts of mimic
And are proud that they can ape;
Some have horses, some have money;
Some have kindred rich and grand;
All are clamoring for attention,
Can't you see their beckoning hand?

Everybody's proud of something
And are bound to make a show,
Just as well to stop and notice;
Little use to tell them "no."
Nod a smile of recognition,
Let them move their hobby on,
For you are sure to meet another
Slightly different when they're gone.

SUBMISSION

Submission, boys, submission,
Submit like little men.
Its just a lottery, boys,
Where the largest number wins,
And we have stood our chance,
But another party won it;
So we should stand aside,
And let the victors run it.

Submission, boys, submission,
With patience wait our time.
Of course it is pretty tough,
But what's the use to whine.
Do not meddle with them, boys,
Let's tend our own affairs,
Just let them run it, boys,
They have won it, and its theirs.

Submission, boys, submission,
Dry your parting tears:
We have had it all our own
For over twenty years.
And since the tables turned,
Let's act the part of men,
And gracefully step aside,
And let the hungry in.

Submission, boys, submission,
Ye boys of the postal clan.
Be ye ever ready
Your exit is near at hand.
You will hear the words depart
For an offensive partisan,
Is a synonymous term,
And means republican.

Submission, boys, submission,
Let's live by faith a while.
In three short years, my boys,
We will do them up in style.
We will man the ship again,
We will bounce them every one,
And a democrat will then
Be an offensive partisan.

LET DRUNKARDS DECORATE

The drunkards of our nation
  Should set apart a day,
For special commemoration,
  Of their comrades passed away;
And decorate the graves
  With flowers fresh and bright,
Of the many fallen braves,
  In their war with appetite.

Would the living tippling sot,
  Now in his bibling strife,
Have a comrade's grave forgot,
  That's sacrificed his life
For the cause of drink,
  Mid the tremens, imps and horrors,
And when dying have them think
  They'd be denied the flowers?

They have fallen, bravely fallen,
  When the battle heat was high;
And from their graves they're calling
  With a comrade's claim and tie;
To the living drinking braves
  They call with silent powers,
To meet around their graves,
  And strew them o'er with flowers.

They need not wait for spring,
  Just as well in winter's hours;
As the drunkards have a ring,
  A corner on the flowers.
They are ever fresh and pricely,
  They put to shame the roses,
They could strew their graves so nicely
  With those blossoms on their noses.

A NIGHTMARE

You may talk about your horses
That's born and bred to speed,
But I'll tell you what's the matter,
I once owned a flaming steed,
A fierce and fiery nag
As glib as she could be;
I did not own her long
She was too swift for me.

A fierce and fiery gray
With long and flowing mane.
She carried her sweeping tail
In a style so proud and vain;
I can see her prancing form,
My pride my own delight,
Of the noted nightmare stock;
I owned her just one night.

You may talk about your deals,
And tell of driving trade,
Of the many horses bought,
And the greatest bargains made;
But you'll find your cheapest nag,
Compared with mine, is high,
As I purchased my nightmare
With a piece of rich mince pie.

BANGS

Pretty little bits of bangs,
Wavy, shining, glossy hangs,
As they lie in flowing curls
On the brows of pretty girls.

Dear old maid, the gay old girl,
With mouth so full of dentist's pearl,
Since fashion has the forelocks hung,
She bangs her hair and looks so young.

Then the mother, fond old wife,
She's battling in the common strife
Of women kind 'mid clash and clangs
With her silvery, flowing bangs.

Waving, tossing in the air,
Hiding marks of time and care,
Expecting victory most sublime,
With bangs and paint they're battling time.

THE WOMEN'S AID

When we think and speak of women
We almost get dismayed
At the magnitude and greatness
Of this thing called Women's Aid;
For they're truly on the hustle
And we all should do our best
To aid them in their undertaking,
In any way that they suggest.
For we sure can trust the women,
As their hearts and heads are right,
And when their hands get mixed up in it,
Why, I tell you, sir, there's might.

They are nimble with their fingers,
They have, each, a desperate pull—
All you husbands understand it,
As you've had them in your wool.
But there's this thing in their favor
They are not eternally cross,
And you will find them very docile
If you'll only let them boss.
And tonight we have them happy
As they're running undismayed.
And everybody's paying tribute
To these women and their Aid.

And we see their smiling faces
All about us here tonight—
It's all the proof I need to offer
That my view of this is right.
Well, I'd like to pay a tribute
Here tonight, this very hour.
To this creature they call woman—
But I can't. I've not the power.
I dare not call them angels,
They have faults, you know, poor things,
They they're sitting all around you,
You can see they've not the wings.
They have things, of course, about them
That's a sort of make believe,
If you'll examine them right closely
You will find it's just a sleeve.
Its a help to their appearance
That Dame Fashion's lately made.
It's in point, therefore, I notice,
Just another women's Aid.

No offense is meant, dear ladies,
As I love you every one
And I only call attention
To these little points for fun;
As the ladies who invited me
To come and make this talk.
Request I give them something funny
If I had it in my stock.

So, you see, it's all the woman;
She's at fault, that's pretty sure—
I believe a man named Adam
Played that same dodge once before.
Yes, he dodged behind the woman
In that awful break they made
That plunged the world in sin and ruin—
Another case of Women's Aid.

These women, they are getting desperate
They go out upon the street,
Get down upon their very knees,
And black the shoes upon your feet;
Go around among the merchants
And shops about the town—
Black the stoves and clean the cases.
And they wash the windows down.
Do any sort of labor
Where there's money to be made,
And we men are getting jealous
Of this thing called Women's Aid.

I have a friend, that here right lately
Lost his job, he was a clerk;
His boss employed a nice young lady
That he thought could do his work
Just as well, and likely better,
For less money than he's paid.
So he now has gone off loafing
Through this woman's friendly Aid.

And I know another fellow
With a family on his hands;
He had a job of keeping books,
And that is all he understands.
But the place where he'd been working,
Why, the business had increased
Until they needed a short hander,
Or they thought they did, at least.
So his place has been supplied
With a miserly old maid,
And his family's now in misery
Through this single Woman's Aid.

Running way back to creation
When this woman first was made,
We find the idea then was simply
Just a help-mate and an aid.
But it seems that doesn't suit her,
And she's reaching up aloft,
So we men are getting desperate
And we want her headed off;
For she's daring and she's grasping,
And we're honestly afraid
That she soon will run this country
Without any of our Aid.

I see a future just out yonder,
Where the women have combined—
While the men in leisure wander
Up and down the shores of time.
And I see within this future,
Faintly through the hazy dawn,
This new woman in her bloomers,
As she's hustling fiercely on
With the world upon one shoulder
And a scepter in her hand;
Standing idly in the background
I can see her fellow man—
With his clothes and victuals furnished.
All they do is eat and dress,
While away the happy hours
While the women do the rest.
They chop the wood and build the fires,
And they bring the water in,
Buy the grub and cook it nicely
For their pets, us darling men.
They milk the cows and hay the calves,
Feed the hogs and slop the pigs,
Harness up and hitch the horses,
Drive us men around in rigs.
Oh, its a sort of male millenium
Where men go out on dress parade—
Fold their arms and thank great goodness
For this blessed Women's Aid.

A MUGWUMP

The mugwump as a kicker
  Has a world wide fame.
He turned a democrat,
  And kicked on Jimmie Blaine.
He voted for Mr. Cleveland.
  And now he shoves his claim
For office and such like,
  And is kicking for the same.

A mugwump is a kicker,
  Whose hoof is flaunting high,
A banging around the stars
  In the democratic sky;
Of course he is but a guest,
  But he thinks the time is nigh
When the democratic host
  Should pass around the pie.

A mugwump is a kicker
  With a Jackson party notion.
He claims to be a victor,
  And is kicking for his portion
In the division of his spoils;
  He fails to find his quotion,
So he is kicking Mr. Cleveland
  For party indevotion.

The mugwump kicks against
  Those civil service foils.
He kicks for recognition
  Among the party royals;
He would really like to ask.
  After all our recent toils,
"Cleveland, what are we here for?"
  And echo answers, "spoils."

ADDRESS TO THE SCHOOL BOYS

Well, boys, I'd like to try
To write a little poem,
Just to see how nigh
I could come of showin'
How it used to was,
In the days that's past and gone,
Compared with what you does
An' how you're getting on.

Now boys, you musn't grin.
For what I'm telling's true,
An' you can bet I've been
To school as well as you;
And learned a heap of stuff,
As every chap must do,
From hands more rude and rough
Than them that's teaching you.

The master, for that's his name—
Anyway it used to be—
Was a man, too, just the same
As your present teacher, he,
I hope, is far more kind,
And's not so prone to fight
Bad kids that will not mind
And learn their lessons right.

I want to tell you lads,
Some people think you're mean,
An' say you're just as bad
As the worst they ever seen;
But boys, I'm very free
To own it isn't true,
Your daddies, they used to be
A good deal worse than you.

They used to cut up pranks
To make the teacher treat,
And now the gray-haired cranks,
In their fogyish freaks,
Would try to thus deceive
The unsuspecting youth,
An' make you boys believe
A thing that ain't the truth.

I wish I had a picture
Of the schools that used to be,
If I did, I'd take and stick her
Up where you boys could see
The old-fashioned four-legged slab
On which your daddies sot,
And learned the little dab
Of education that they got.

I know you boys would smile,
If you could only peep
At a school of the old style,
Those masters used to keep,
And see the great long gads,
Those implements of war
In the schools of your good dads,
You'd wonder what they're for.

But their sums have all been done,
And they are big and smart,
And now they want to run
Down the young upstart.
It's jealousy, perchance
They see the coming chap
Has made a grand advance
And's smarter than his pap.

Its always been the style,
Of the masses in the past,
To keep retarding all the while
The progressive, thoughtful class.
And it seems a second natur',
Of men in a general way,
To keep sticking and to cater
To the hobbies of their day.

Let fogies crank and howl,
Their noise has just begun.
You boys have got them foul,
Your chance is two to one.
The world is broad and wide.
Success comes by and by.
Advance with rapid stride
And place your mark up high.

There's a quagmire, please avoid,
For it's easy to get in.
This quagmire has decoyed
An' floundered lots of men.
So forward boys, don't lag,
For back in rear, you see
Is found this old time quag.
Of how things used to be.

Don't get behind your age,
For there's danger if you do,
You'll turn a moss-back sage,
An' take to howling too.
Be studious and hold your place,
For the kickers, you will find,
With the dummies of the race,
In the rear rank back behind.

Now boys, do your best,
Work with hands and minds,
And keep yourself abreast
The progress of your times.
For there will be demand
For men in comin' time,
And the boy that's got the sand
Is the one that's bound to climb.

Great duties soon will rest
Upon you boys that's here,
Them that's prepared the best
Will find the way more clear.
To places high and grand
In nation and in state.
Look sharp my little man,
Who knows you may be great.

Your future's bright, I'll say,
Advancement marks the age,
Each dawn's a better day
And records a grander page.
There's springing ever more,
For boys that's yet to be,
Grander things from nature's store,
Than comes to you or me.

Progress boys, you bet
The world is on the move,
'Twill get the better yet,
The watchword is improve;
There's always something new
As time goes flitting on,
Compared with how you do
And how you're getting on.

A BAD CASE

I know a big "provoking case"
That is the pest of all his race.
When teasing, taunting with his jokes
And throwing dirt at meetin' folks.

He is terrible mean and rude, they say,
And awfully set in his own way;
And then he is dreadful big and stout,
And there is no hauling him about.

It's a fearful shame the way he acts,
If all that's told on him are facts.
He denounces Jonah and his whale,
And says it's all a big fish tale.

He says there isn't a place like hell;
And talk like that don't take so well;
It's making some folks mighty mad,
And they're talking rough about the lad.

He got reproved, and that severe,
At our church by the preacher here.
He was severely stunned, I do declare,
But I could not see, for he wasn't there.

He is awful bad, but what's the use
For churches to act the goose,
And turn out pulpit, pew and all
To advertise Bob Ingersoll.

AN INVENTIVE AGE

How reversed to my mind
Are the things of my childhood;
How crude and uncouth
Were the tools that we used;
And we smile at the ideas
That were then quite good,
But now are laid up
With the old and refused.

When I think of the candle
That we used in that day,
With its poor flickering light
As it stubbornly burned;
As compared with the light
This age can display,
Produced by the dynamo
Electrical concern.

The lightning express,
As it glides swiftly on
With its magnificent sleepers
And diners so grand,
Compared with the carts
Of the days that are gone,
Then the best known convenience
For conveyance by land.

Today, I look out
On the proud reaping binder
Successfully gathering
And binding the grain;
With no tottering slave
Bending tiredly behind her,
As they have been spelled
By the inventive brain.

It is inventive genius,
That so kindly has lifted
The heft of the burden
From the back of mankind;
Through modern appliance
It's weight has been shifted
And matter is servant
Today of the mind.

It's an age of improvement
And we rightly should pride,
That our lot has been cast
With an inventive age;
When old tools and old hobbies
Are pushed back by the tide,
And the new and the novel
Are the mania and rage.

TOM EDISON

"King of His Kind."

It's been left for this age
To proudly give birth,
To Tom Edison the giant,
And genius of earth;
The peer of all men
In the realm of mind,
Mighty in research,
King of his kind.

He's a worker in wonders,
Successful and sure,
With completeness and fitness
His ideas mature.
In devices of newness,
With blessings for man
Excelling, in genius
And skillful in hand.

In the fullness of time
When his mission's complete,
And his wonders are done;
Then his fellows shall meet
To rear him a shaft,
They'll inscribe on its shrine,
"Tom Edison, the genius,
King of his kind."

WEARY OF LIFE

I'm weary of life,
With its drearysome strife,
And my heart nearly breaks,
For it sinks at the thought
As I think of my lot
With my life and mistakes.

Life's view has been turned
And I've duly discerned;
My side is that of despair,
For its light's almost gone,
And its night has come on
O'er my life with its care.

My face is aglare
With the trace of despair;
My eyes are beclouded, with gloom;
In the scope of my breast
Is the one hope of rest,
In the dark dismal tomb.

TREE PEDDLER

The lightning-rod dispenser,
Has almost had his day;
But it seems the dread tree peddler,
Has surely come to stay.
And is bound to work his racket
In spite of will or wish,
And finds the honest farmer
His ever ready fish.

He drives the finest horses,
And is one among the swells,
He snarls at common livery,
And always stops at good hotels,
He refers to wine and sherry
When he's speaking of "refills."
In short he's a princely Nabob,
And the farmer pays his bills.

He has flattery for his fort,
Yet he's working all the joints.
He will talk and feel about you,
Till he finds your weakest points,
He will say you're influential
And your neighbors he'll claim
Would be far more easily sold to
If he only had your name.

He's an educated talker,
With a new and likely scheme,
That will captivate some persons,
That you'd very little dream
Could be fooled or flattered by him,
With his bland and polished talk,
About the various merits
Of his budded nursery stock.

He will talk of horticulture
And the new and improved ways
By which his stalks produced
In these late and modern days,
And will tell of high-toned shade trees
That will grow off in a rush
And then send you scrubby maples,
That's been dug up in the brush.

He's persistent in his efforts
And is reckless with his breath,
He will either sell his victims
Or he'll talk him plum to death,
And then turn upon the widow
In a manner brazen, brave.
And try to sell her weeping willows
For her murdered husband's grave.

As all have had experience
With this tree man and his ware,
His apples, quinces and peaches,
His cherries, shrubs and pears,
And if a single one has found them
Half so good as what he said
You will please to indicate it,
By simply standing on your head.

A TICKLE IN ITS TAIL

Come and see him, papa,
It's a pretty humming bug
That's pulling at the roses
Just as hard as he can tug;
All mussing up the flowers,
And just playing whale,
I'm afraid to shoo him, papa,
There's a tickle in his tail.

Come and see him, papa,
That's exactly just the way
The other one was acting,
That I caught the other day,
But I sent him off a flying,
As high as he could sail,
I could not hold him, papa,
For the tickle in his tail.

O dear, my silly boy,
You're mistaken, yes, I see,
It's not a humming bug,
But a vicious bumble bee;
Of course, you're but a boy,
But your human nature, frail,
Will find many a tempting thing
Has a tickle in its tail.

BOARD OF TRADE

Any man can well afford
To place his money on the board.
It simply is a lone of trust;
Don't be afraid it will not bust.

The board of trade is safe and good,
You couldn't break it if you would,
It's a savings bank, if you wish to hoard,
Just place your money on the board.

Lots of men each year lay by
A little sum just on the sly.
As they do not like to have it said
They're banking with the board of trade,

It looks as if its just the plan,
As there's no doubt the Bradstreet man,
Is pretty sure to keep your dust
While you'll be very apt to bust.

The board of trade is just immense,
And all you need is confidence;
Some men have given their entire pile
To the board of trade to keep awhile.

WHO IS WRONG

In all cases of differences
  Where folks disagree,
And can make no adjustments,
  As neither can see
But one side at once,
  And they argue it strong,
Both sure they are right,
  Yet some one is wrong.

For a point in religion
  Some are ready to die,
They know it's correct
  And show you just why,
Yet others dispute it,
  And have all along,
With plenty of proof,
  So some one is wrong.

Then the question of tariff
  Is two sided, you know;
Some want it up high,
  While others talk low;
It's a practical question,
  To be settled e'er long,
Yet neither party will ever
  Admit it was wrong.

It's so all along,
  And it ever has been;
There's always been differences
  In the judgment of men;
Yet in all of these ages
  There is no one to awaken
To the thought they are human
  And might be mistaken.

So this man they call wrong
  Is a myth and a mirth,
Yet he's in every case
  Of trouble on earth.
If you want money, go search
  Through the great human throng,
There is a big reward offered
  For the man that is wrong.

WATCHING OUT

The devil's mighty dangerous
When he's out upon a raid,
When he goes a roaring 'round,
Then's the time to be afraid.
Then hie you clear away,
From his regular beaten route,
For you might be caught a nappin',
If you don't be watching out.

Just look a little out,
It's better that you would
Keep old Beelzebub at bay,
And make your distance good.
For the devil's out a lookin',
And a prowlin' all about,
And he'll get his hooks upon you
If you don't be watching out.

The devil is goin' around.
Just like a roarin' lion.
He's out upon the warpath,
Seekin' whom he'll find.
And you had better keep a watchin'
There's danger that he mout,
For the devil's sure to get you
If you don't be watching out.

NATURE'S BRUSH

Nature's brush has struck the pane;
'Tis silvered o'er with frost again;
She took the brush and made those flowers
That mocks the painter's grandest powers.

Nature in the depth of night
Has painted yonder dazzling sight,
Those pretty flowers and blades of grass
On yonder sparkling window-glass.

The handy brush in Nature's hand
Has put to shame conceited man,
Who prides himself on some set line,
While Nature paints a new design.

Go view that scene on yonder pane,
It ne'er will be produced again,
As nature from her endless store
Will draw new scenes when frosting o'er.

Thou fool, who said within thy heart,
"There is no God," go view that art
Upon those panes, and you will find
There is a God in their design.

OUR WOMEN FOLKS

Our women folks are surely rising,
They are just a wading in,
I'll tell you sir, it's plumb surprising,
How they're knocking out the men;
In each and every avocation,
Where thought and labor's needing,
Women seek for situation.
And I'll tell you they're succeeding.

In the school-room, with its cares,
In the office, with her pen,
In the factory, 'mid its wares,
Side by side with skillful men.
Woman wages competition.
She has raised the standard higher,
And all sort of light positions
Can be filled the better by her.

Sober woman without vices,
Neat and speedy with her hand,
Performs her work so much the nicest,
That I fear her fellow man
Must reform and mind his knittin',
Look out sharp where danger lurks,
Or he'll get the entire mitten
While the women hold the works.

It's serious, boys, no need of scorning,
There is danger, mark my word,
You would better heed the warning.
It's the truest you have heard.
For the girls are on the hustle,
She's at school, her plans are laid,
You will shortly find your muscle
All the stock you have in trade.

I will say in this relation,
That I see in each report
Of every class in graduation,
That the girls have got the fort
By three to one, and sometimes greater.
Shame on you boys, where've you been?
You'll feel this odds in life on later,
When you've grown to useless men.

THEN AND NOW

I cannot be accurate in date
  But before the rebellion broke out.
'Twas perhaps in the year fifty-eight
  Or somewhere along thereabout.

During the last week in December
  It seems such a long time ago,
Though a child, I now well remember
  And I'm getting quite aged, you know.

Yet memories are firm and unshaken,
  Their name and their features are plain,
Though a child, I was not mistaken
  As I think them all over again.

I can see them as they hurriedly gather
  At the church; no, it isn't the same,
Through the chill of the cold winter weather;
  Entertainment—no, that isn't the name.

Exhibition I believe as they style it,
  Dialogues, tableaus and such things.
No music to mar or to spoil it
  Except an old fiddle with strings.

Some people just raised the old dickens
  And got on a mighty high perch.
They humped for a year with their kicking
  About that old fiddle in church.

No organ—for no one could play it.
  And the singing was wonderfully tame.
If they knew any piece they could sing it
  And the show it went on just the same.

There were benches with a platform strung on them
  Where the old pulpit stood,
Two posts and a wire with curtains hung on them
  That hid all the stage very good.

They were handled with some sort o' strings
  By some boys that were concealed, I suppose,
That they pulled when they heard the bell ring
  For the curtain to open and close.

They are now old women and men.
  I know them by name, every one.
They were only young people then
  And full of their frolic and fun.

Just a match for the sports of today.
No better or worse as I know.
Perhaps just a trifle more gay
As I saw them that night at their show.

'Twas a warm little thing for its time.
Tho' old people—well, you know what they did,
They made things just get up and climb,
The actors all slid off and hid

And chuckled at the din they had raised
With their show and old fiddle mixed in
I doubt if clear down to this day
They have ever repented their sin.

The piano of that day was the loom
Where the dresses of the beauties were made,
Accompanied by the wheel in the room
Making music back then was a trade.

That, the women all learned very young
Made mostly with their hands and their feet
All was marked with a rest for their tongue
And I tell you 'twas wonderfully sweet.

To have danced in that day was a sin,
An unpardonable one, too, at that.
Any mirth where there's music mixed in
And the feet went pit-a-pat.

Would have sprung then to a high fever heat
And cost well your life for its worth.
They'd simply get on their hind feet
And kick a great hole in the earth.

There were no bands in that day, not a band,
Not a note of that kind had been played.
Just the wolves all abroad in the land
Only them for a night serenade.

And prairies would ring with their howling
In a voice that was hideous and deep
Yet no worse than that gang that was prowling
In the garb of the innocent sheep.

Those old times seem very strange
With all their fuss and noise
Tonight we note a happy change
We proudly greet the boys.

With all their music gay and grand
Their melodies so nice,
We hail with joy our city band
And gladly pay the price.

For these treats are grand, indeed,
They tend to better things.
Sweet harmony is what we need
With all the joy it brings.

O, I love harmony, I know its best.
It's soothing to the weary heart.
We cease our strife and sink to rest,
The gloom and sadness will depart.

Beneath its tender strains sweet sounds
We feel, we know we cannot tell,
Within our heart a chord is found,
There comes a charm we love the spell.

It seems of heaven, a tender thrill,
It mounts aloft in sweet refrain.
We lend our ear, yes, sweeter still
It lifts us to a higher plane.

This earth of ours with kindred spheres
That's whirling on through endless space
Ages unknown a billion years
Though each must run a different race.

Some radius large and some radius small
Circling around one common sun
Yet harmony pervades them all
Without a jar since time begun.

They're keeping time to God's own plan
In unison each runs his race,
So accurately that finite man
Can give their time and point their place.

Foretell eclipse most accurately,
He knows just when and where they're due.
Or find his course when lost at sea,
Then comes this thought—I and you.

If it so pleased that master mind
That tossed them to their given course,
To so arrange that whole combine
And give to each that exact force.

That drives each one to special time,
'Tis proof and enough to you and me
If worlds must play in regular chime
Then God above loves harmony.

ROBBERS AND ASSASSINS

Some people's very visage
  Has a woe-behaunted look,
Spreading gloomy sadness
  In every bright and sunny nook.
They are robbers and assassins:
  They will murder joyous light,
Turning bright and jolly sunshine
  Into dark and dismal night.

You'll find these social cut-throats
  In every walk of life:
Their tongue is far more deadly
  Than the dark assassin's knife,
Their work is one of misery,
  They have meanness in their mind;
They face you full of friendship,
  Yet they'll strike you from behind.

They'll rob poor simple childhood
  Of its bright and happy charms,
And fill their souls with horror,
  And fill their minds with false alarms;
They crush and trample virtue,
  Suppress and strangle mirth;
They would wipe all joy and gladness
  From off the face of earth.

These social fiends and lepers
  You'll find there's many such,
With a doleful malady,
  That will poison by the touch.
Their work is that of misery,
  And murdering joyous light,
Turning bright and jolly sunshine
  Into dark and dismal night.

A NICKEL

Only a nickel,
  A tiny five cents,
Fleeting and fickle,
  Of slight consequence;
Shifting and turning,
  Bringing sorrow or joy;
Blessing or burning
  The hand of the boy.

A tiny five cents;
  Small, it is true.
Yet a good recompense
  For the beer that they brew.
A most potent factor
  At the bar of the man
That sells brain destracter
  To the youth of our land.

This nickel is good
  At the tobacco-man's bar,
In exchange for the quid
  And filthy cigar
That shatters the nerve
  And poisons the breath
Of the youth that would serve
  Those agents of death.

Take care of the nickel,
  Look sharp to its use,
You may get in a pickle
  By its constant abuse.
There is honor and wealth
  In its judicious care,
But dishonor and death
  In its cheap little snare.

THE ELOCUTIONIST

The elocutionist in his fine art
  Has the muscles of his face
So well trained that they'll distort
  And pull his features out of place.
They're computed very wise,
  There's refinement in their craft,
They can roll their cultured eyes
  Up just like a dying calf.

The elocutionist, I conclude,
  In his pomp and strut parade,
Is a literary dude
  In a garb another's made.
Although his address is very fine,
  And there's grandeur in his tone,
Yet he fails to give a line
  Or a thought that is his own.

He is just a phonograph—
  A machine that sort o' grinds,
In a style that makes you laugh,
  Out the thoughts of other minds.
He is just a mirth producer,
  When you've said it, that is all;
A sort of struttin' crowin' rooster
  With great hunks of lung and gall.

The elocutionist, as an artist,
  Would be hard to over-rate.
That is, you take the smartest;
  They have a memory, sir, that's great.
They can memorize Poe's "Raven"
  From beginning to its end,
And repeat it off just stavin',
  With the flubdubs all mixed in.

Poor Edgar meant no such affliction
  When he posed the raven there
Above the door, in his depiction
  That so long has rent the air.
He'd made people quite a savin'
  If he'd only told "Lenore"
Of this elocution raven.
  And wrote "Raven, Nevermore."

They have a new one on the string
  That they'll soon have memorized;
It is quite a touching thing,
  And will prove a great surprise
When they spring it on the people;
  It's a lover out of sight,
Swaying, shouting from the steeple—
  "Curfew must not ring tonight."

Then them bells, you've heard 'em ring 'em,
Seen them string out in their chimes;
Throw their arms and sway and swing 'em
Like they're flyin', most, sometimes.
Then light again so antic,
Oh, those cute and cunning things!
Winding up in some gay prantic
Just like cutting pigeon wings.

Poor old Darwin must have met one
When he got his inspiration
As to how mankind had sprung.
Looking back to first creation
He saw the monkey and the ape,
And got his ideas as an evolutionist,
From their resemblance, in the shape
Of some noted elocutionist.

HARD ON THE SOCKS

Have you seen
The gay toboggans
On the ladies'
Frizzed up noggins?
They're the gayest thing
Of the bonnet kind
That's struck the town
In the fashion line.

They're just too cute,
And made so cheap,
Of ravelins colored
Both pale and deep—
Raveled from old socks
Of any kind,
When made right nice
Will loom up fine.

One old lady
Here in our town
Made seven daughters
One each, around.
The girls all shine
To beat a fox,
But their poor old ma
Has got no socks.

WOMEN IN PANTS

In looking back to the garden
  Way down through the age,
When the fashionable fig leaf
  Was the mania and rage,
We see woman in gowns
  Just plucked from the branch,
With no thought that her daughter
  Would some day wear the pants.

Sweet primitive woman
  With thy meek trusting way,
According thy husband
  Both the scepter and sway;
For Adam, as we have it,
  Was boss of the ranch,
And held, undisputed,
  A right to the pants.

But fashion will change,
  And the last shall be first;
In this world with its hurry,
  Some things get reversed.
We move with great strides;
  Its an age of advance,
But its summit's been capped
  With a woman in pants.

Wilkey Collins may sing
  Of his woman in white,
But the poor little thing
  Is a mighty tame sight.
He may prefer her
  But she's no circumstance
To our modern holy terror,
  Of woman in pants.

You may talk of cyclones,
  Tornadoes and winds,
Their destruction of homes.
  Helpless children and men,
Of the lightning's zig zag,
  With its glitter and dance,
But all horror to that hag
  Of a woman in pants.

A GOODY, GOODY FELLOW

He's a goody, goody fellow,
So pure and free from sin,
And thanks his blessed maker
He is not as other men.
He's bubbling o'er with goodness,
In a saved and happy state,
Only waiting for the angels
To push ajar the gate.

He is wholly consecrated.
And is working for the Lord
Without any solicitation,
Free, and of his own accord.
He's a jewel, bright and shining,
Flashing, sparkling in the light,
Down among his lowly fellows
In their dark and sinful plight.

I sometimes sit and wonder,
Why they ever dropped him here,
As he surely was intended
For a higher, brighter sphere.
And I wonder that the angels
In concourse grand, sublime,
Don't come and take him bodily
To a more congenial clime.

OUR SILENT HERO RESTS

Our military world is bowed in recent grief;
Whereas the hand of death has stricken down its chief,
And laid to peaceful rest its pride and very pet,
And filled admiring hearts with sorrow and regret.

A noble spirit flown to a wider, grander field;
Where right is recognized without the clash of steel.
Beyond these peaceful portals within that haven blest;
They bid the weary spirit of the silent hero rest.

Kind heaven's ways are strange and we must simply yield,
No matter how they seem or how they make us feel,
It's probably all for good, of course, we can not tell,
Of this at least we are sure God doth all things well.

Therefore, resolved, we bow to that we can not avert,
And be we also ready and ever on the alert,
That when our time shall come and we are called to go
There may be joy in heaven and sorrow here below.

CONFIDENCE

We are resting, peacefully resting,
  Waiting for the consequence
Of that promised coming blessing,
  Known and named as "confidence"
That they say is always hidden
  Where low tariff shadows fall,
And comes forth upon the biddin'
  Of high tariff for us all.

We are resting, simply waiting,
  Shall we find it's been in vain?
Are these tidings so elating,
  That we've heard and heard again?
Are we fooled in our confiding?
  Where's the end of this suspense?
Is it fleeting or abiding
  Where, O where's this confidence?

We are resting on that promise,
  We've performed our sovereign task,
In that vote that they got from us,
  We have paid them all they ask.
All are kings within this country,
  Mighty Sovereigns, Sir, and prince;
Will you please to trace and hunt her?
  We demand our "confidence."

We're confiding, simply trusting,
  'Neath this dire financial strain,
Some assigning, others busting,
  Anguish, misery, hunger, pain.
We implore you on your honor,
  For our votes in recompense,
O, be quick, we're most a gonner;
  Please restore that "confidence."

WONDERFUL TIME

Wonderful, wonderful time,
So powerful, yet slow in thy ways!
Thy movements are grand and sublime;
Thy workings are worthy of praise.

All praise to thy progress so grand,
As it slowly crumbles to dust
The hobbies and errors of man,
And makes him more wise and just.

O, time, we bid thee rule on,
Thou refiner of man and his mind,
Until all his drosses are gone
And the man is entirely refined.

Rule on, O time in thy might,
Dealing justice to the great human throng,
Rewarding, encouraging the right—
Reproving, avenging the wrong.

LIKE YOUR DADDIES USE TO BELIEVE

Are you Democrat—Republican,
Or what's your politics?
Have you ever taken a step,
Or do you firmly stick
To the notions of your daddies?
Are you holding to his sleeve?
Aren't your ideas just the same
As your daddies used to believe?

Are you Methodist or Catholic,
Or what's your favorite church?
Is it your father's choice,
Or have you thought to search
Their claims and make a choice
Or would you just as leave
Accept those old time creeds,
Your fathers used to believe.

Have you ever had a notion,
Or an independent thought?
Any ideas of your own,
Except those your daddy taught?
If you have, you're an infidel,
And lost beyond retrieve,
For not thinking just the same
As your daddy used to believe.

A QUEER WIFE

I've the queerest wife you've ever seen;
She continually wants a magazine.
It's just the height of all her glory
To get and read some thrilling story.

She likes a tale of love the best.
No matter how absurd the mess;
She takes it in with eager haste,
To gratify her novel taste.

She avows to hate a common liar,
And wonders why they thus desire
To verbally tell some frivolous tale.
And thinks it all because they're frail.

But a nicely framed and painted lie
Is just the thing to take her eye.
As written by some skillful hand
Upon some artful, pleasing plan.

She hates the man who stoops to tell
A little story not worded well,
But likes a liar whose aim is high,
Not only him, but likes his lie.

THE KIND OF SENSE HE NEEDS

Though you have a thousand talents
And a genius well defined,
Are ranked among the gallants
With a superior sort of mind:
Have good ideas and suggestions,
And are classed among the scholars,
Yet your senses will be questioned
If they don't count into dollars.

'Tis the cents that makes the mare go,
That are counted by the tens,
They're the only kind the world knows—
And your life and all depends
On your shrewdness to acquire them,
And lay them safely by,
For the world it does admire them,
It esteems their owners high.

'Tis the cents that make the dollars,
They're the only ones that count;
No matter what he follows,
Or how he got his big amounts.
If they're large and safely cared for,
He's a brainy man, indeed,
And's on to what we're here for,
With the kind of cents he needs.

SWEET HOME

You may write of sweet home,
Set it nicely to note;
It looks fine in a poem.
But I'll bet if the poet
That so gayly has said it
Has a home of his own,
He has bought it on credit
It is all in the loan.
If he sticks to his rhyme
And keeps musing about
He will have a sweet time
Before his home is paid out.

CHRISTMAS DAY

Merry Christmas, happy day,
Day of leisure, mirth and play,
With happy heart and gleeful tongue
Thy welcoming song is ever sung.

Happy Christmas, day that lifts
The selfish heart to noble gifts,
And puts the friend where self belongs,
And fills the world with happy throngs.

Blessed Christmas, how children long
To feel thy mirth and hear thy song;
At early dawn the little flocks
Search for thy joys among their socks.

Christmas, blessed day for man.
Low here's a gift—the time's at hand—
A Savior came, a king was born—
Best gift of all—on Christmas morn.

Holy gift! Indulgent heaven!
The choicest gift that e'er was given.
On Christmas day God did bestow
On fallen mankind here below.

THE MORNING GLORY'S STORY

Morning-glories as they cling,
With their tiny tender clutch,
Creeping up the dangling string
Until the eave their branches touch.
Gentle zephyrs set them swaying,
Beneath the wall their flowers shading,
O'er and o'er they're daily saying,
"Beauties fading, beauties fading."

Come and see the morning-glory
As its creeping up the wall,
To repeat its daily story,
For the benefit of all.
In its gay and gaudy hues
There's a lesson pretty maiden,
Come quickly and peruse,
For its fading, surely fading.

Come and see the lovely flowers
On the pretty morning-glory,
As they breathe with silent powers,
Their oft repeated story.
As they're saying, daily saying,
"Beauteous tints, with which we're ladened,
Like all beauty is decaying,
It is fading, surely fading."

A TIME TO SWEAR

There is a time for everything;
And the cursing time is in the spring,
When the matron turns things upside down
Scrubs and scolds and bosses round.
O, how we dread house cleaning time!
There's straw, tacks, and white-wash lime;
Wall-paper too, and paint and paste;
Muscle, hustle, growl and haste.
Poor husband! if he's time to spare,
O then's the time he'll curse and swear!

MARRIAGE BELL

The marriage bell with its merry peal,
Has much of mirth and joy to yield.
To the gathering throng of young and gay
At yonder house across the way,
Where sits the bride in silks and lace
Arranged in style with care and taste;
With a happy heart and a hopeful mind
Impatiently waiting the appointed time.

Another peal and the wedding o'er,
She, once a maid is now no more.
She took the vow, she is a wife,
Has entered now an unknown life.
Hark! hear that bell, its peal resound
And echoes back for miles around
Its murmurs chants a happy lay
For that young bride across the way.

But Oh, how changed and dull it sounds
To many an ear within its bound,
That once has heard it with heart as light
And full of hope as her's tonight.
Many a widow within her home
Recalls the peals from that same dome.
Her once fair cheeks are bathed with tears
As she wonders back to bygone years.

She wonders back to the day and year
When that bell pealed more gay and clear.
She sits and listens and thinks it strange
That once sweet chime is now so changed.
Her heavy heart once gay and light
Her lean sad face, once plump and bright,
Her laughing eyes, once wavy hair,
Are blurred and dimmed with time and care.

She wanders back to her wedding day
When all went fine and bright and gay.
Her countenance lights with a half sad smile
As her memory rests from her last sad trial.
That same bell rang on her wedding day,
That same bell tolled all her hopes away.
It sounds full of joy when happy and gay
But sounds very dull when hope's laid away.

GAMING

The boys have been gaming,
It's a fact we can't deny,
Betting of their money
At cards upon the sly.
And the people got to kicking;
They wont allow it, just because
It seems to be their business
To be **dealing** out the laws.

They used to have a corner
On the business heretofore.
The boys seemed to be united,
When they were called before
The court, with minds benighted
And memory clouded o'er;
So they could scarcely answer
To anything, for sure.

But it seems they got to quarreling,
And could none of them be **trusted**;
And the people got the truth—
The combination's **busted**,
And the law has had it's course
With a sad, but wiser lot.
For the Judge held four big **aces**
And the county took the **pot**.

JANUARY

January has come again,
And the duty now devolves
On frail and fickle man
To make his new resolves.

Eighty-six has surely caught
Those chronics that yet survive
Who carelessly have put to naught
Their pledges made in eighty-five.

The tobacco-loving slave
Will again his pledges show
Upon the tomb of those he gave
Last January, a year ago.

The drunkard and the swearing rake
Will now reform some more.
And keep the pledges that they make,
Just as they did before.

A SIDE SHOW

Did you ever once abide
  Where they're always sorter mussin';
Where they took a special pride
  In one continual string of fussin';
Where there's pullin' and see-sawin',
  And could never quite agree;
Just a scoldin' and a jawin',
  All as cross as they could be?

Do you know there're families soured,
  That have actually sorter spoiled.
They have rangled and they've joured,
  And have mingled in turmoil
'Till they've all got sorter chronic.
  Are only normal when they're mad,
And take to fussin' as a tonic
  When they're feeling sorter bad.

Do you know there're lots of cases,
  Yes whole families out of sorts,
Where they've always got mean faces,
  And they cave and just cavort.
With cross eyes that's always gleamin',
  And its one continual spell?
They are living human demons
  In a sort of side show hell.

ODE TO THE WIND

O the wind, the gentle wind,
  Waving, tossing, passing on.
Nature's robes in reverence bend
  As it's sweeping over the lawn.

O the wind, the rising wind,
  We shudder at its doleful wail,
As with it the roaring blends
  Of the coming dashing gale.

O the wind, the terrible wind,
  Tearing on in desperate form,
Making boards and trumpery give
  To the music of the storm.

O the wind, the desperate wind,
  Sweeping on with power unknown.
Protect us from the dreadful din
  Of the twisting, twirling dread cyclone.

O the wind, the horrible wind,
  We will meet the cyclone hand to hand
But save Oh! save, should he begin,
  That windy, breezy, traveling man.

A LITTLE STRANGER

The nicest little stranger
  Has called at our place.
A bouncing baby boy
  With the sweetest dimple face.
He is a little landlord
  And would have us understand
That we are only servants,
  While he is in command.

He's the most familiar stranger
  That we have had to call;
He's not at all particular
  With orders to us all.
He seems to forget the "pleases,"
  But when his head is set
He gets his little wishes
  Without the use of etiquette.

This noisy little stranger
  Is trying with all his might
To set this piece to music,
  That I am trying to write.
But I think I understand him:
  He wants me to hurry up
And stop this foolishness,
  And give him soothing syrup.

HUMAN CLOTHES-RACK

Mighty swell, this human clothes-rack,
  Highly prized for just their pelts,
Just the goods upon their back,
  Simply that and nothing else;
A common form for self-confessing
  That they've taken special pains
To apologize, by over dressing,
  For the lack of worth or brains.

JONES AND HIS NEIGHBORS

(A Romance)

Chapter I.

A regular rhyming romance,
With a rhyming ring,
Is rather a departure
A real novel thing;
Although it's out of style,
It's a right that we shall claim,
And if it isn't regular
We shall meekly bear the blame.

In our regular rhyming romance,
We shall need a heroine,
And shall use as nice a lady
As anyone can find.
We found her in the country,
And she's pretty, by the way,
She is not so very flip,
And yet she's pretty gay.

As we found her in the country,
She is a trifle plain,
But we'll style her up a little,
For our reader, that is vain.
It's just as cheap as any,
So just you wait awhile,
Until she makes her toilet,
Then she's coming out in style.

So while the reader's waiting
We will introduce her "pap;"
He's something of a fogy,
An old fashioned country chap,
That has an eye for business
And not for all the world;
Would he allow a lazy loafer
A loitering 'round his girl.

He has the prettiest farm,
In just the loveliest spot;
He bought it long ago,
When the best was easily got
And his house is situated
On the nicest little mound,
That towers up above,
And overlooks the neighboring town.

His house, though not the finest,
Looks very snug without,
Some distance from the road
With its shade trees all about.
And it has an air of comfort
That strikes the passer-by,
Combined with simple neatness
That captivates the eye.

And flowers bestrew the walk,
On each and every side,
As it stretches up the slope
Among the trees, so dignified;
And the grass a trifle tall,
Is bowing to the breeze,
As it plays among the leaves
And sways the towering trees.

It's not so very strange
That anyone should find,
In such a lovely spot,
A pretty heroine,
Whose life has been enshrouded
In a romance—yes a mystery;
Whom I now will introduce,
And proceed to give her history.

Chapter II.

In the coming introduction,
Of our pretty heroine,
We shall simply introduce her,
As we have her now in mind.
In person with exactness,
But in dress, not so minute.
As it takes a modern expert
To describe a lady's suit.

We shall call her Katie Jones.
Of course it's not her name.
But then it's just as handy,
And will answer all the same.
It's sound is quite familiar,
But we will take the chance.
And trust to coming events
For the "Simon Pure" romance.

Of the family's former history
There is very little known.
It's Mr. Jones' secret,
And he keeps it all his own.
Perhaps he has acted wisely,
At least, I'm frank to say,
If I had been intrusted,
I should give him "dead away."

There is a common story,
In regard to Mr. Jones,
As to how he got the money
To buy the land he owns.
And it's said that pretty Katie,
Is not a daughter of his own;
But then it's simply gossip,
As there's nothing certain known.

He chose the lovely section,
On which his present cottage stands,
From among the million acres
Of the pretty prairie lands,
He was thought a speculator,
In that very early day,
As he suddenly came, entered,
And quickly went away.

But then, he came again,
In another year or two,
And acted just as if,
He had an end in view.
And fenced this lovely mound,
And planted out his shade,
As if he aimed to build,
But left and never said.

It seemed to worry his neighbors,
And they could not understand,
Why he bluffed them off so gruff,
When they pumped him for his plan.
But, what's this to do with Katie,
With her history for our text;
You will understand it better
When you have read our next.

Chapter III.

Time will work its changes,
As the years go rolling 'round,
It has gradually made a grove,
Of Mr. Jones' prairie mound.
On each and every spring,
There comes a husbandman,
To tend and trim the trees,
And beautify the land.

So finally, one Monday morning,
The neighbors heard upon the road,
A string of chuckling wagons,
Bearing each a heavy load;
They were freighted down with lumber,
And lime and brick and stones,
Slowly moving up the mound;
That belonged to Mr. Jones.

Then shortly came the workmen,
And the work at once began;
Under the directions
Of a skilled and special man,
Who moved it smoothly on,
Unto entire completion.
And there it stood, a type
Of architectural neatness.

And the neighbors, all the while,
Were slyly prying 'round.
They talked among each other,
But no one could be found
To give the slightest inkling,
From which to reason by,
As to why the house was built,
Or who would occupy.

The foreman said a banker
In a neighboring town,
Had furnished him the plan,
And had "planked" the money down,
And bound him by a bond
To do the work "just so;"
And that was just as much,
And all he wished to know.

But the public strain was short,
As, soon there came a man
And a little girl,
And they seemed to understand
That the house was built for them,
Beyond a doubt or question,
As they proceeded to the mound
And took entire possession.

It is hardly necessary
That we should stop to state
That this was Mr. Jones
And his little daughter Kate,
As she was afterwards known,
For 'twas generally understood
That she was Jones' daughter
Throughout the neighborhood.

The neighbors were baffled once
In this particular case,
As each mystery passed away
Another took its place.
They got but little comfort,
For all their many cares
And troubles, for their pains
They took with his affairs.

There, Mr. Jones attended
So strict his own affairs,
That the neighbors took the hint
And attended more to theirs.
They seemed to recognize
His drive and acquiesce,
In his silent intimation
That he knew his business best.

But time will do its work,
In spite of crafty man,
No matter how still, or deep,
He hides his evil plan.
His sin will find him out,
His secret shall be free;
Time will rend the veil,
As we shall shortly see.

Chapter IV.

A childless man and wife
Were employed upon the mound;
The lady to keep the house
And the man to chore around.
He had little else to do,
As the section was seeded down,
And covered with grazing herds
All the year 'round.

And these formed Katie's circle,
In which she lived and grew;
These were all the friends
She really had, or knew.
As the world stood coolly barred,
Beyond her father's gate,
And spread with many charms
Before the eyes of Kate.

She often wandered to the fence,
Along the big road side,
And looked across the country
That stretched away so wide.
She viewed the neighboring houses,
And wondered if their little girl
Was allowed to sit upon the fence.
And view the pretty world.

And again she watched the neighbors,
As they went passing by;
They looked upon her pretty face
With a mystifying sigh;
While she was wondering who they were,
And if their little Kate.
Was waiting for them, on the fence,
Out by their front door gate.

We will drop our childish Katie;
And return to Katie Jones,
As introduced in evening toilet,
More matured and larger grown.
A perfect type of female beauty,
And withall, a pretty lass,
With this bit of childish history
We shall drop the early past.

Beauty always has its charms,
It will attract in spite of fate,
The rule has no exceptions,
'Twas true with pretty Kate.
But what good would admirers be
To a pretty prison girl,
When a father and his gate,
Kept at bay the entire world.

But love is very cunning,
There is always some one found
To maneuver 'round the stockade,
Until they find a gap that's down.
And we have just such a hero,
That we shall call in use,
As Katie's lover and admirer,
Whom we now will introduce.

Chapter V.

In the introduction of our hero,
We shall call him Johnny Brown,
He was the pupil of a lawyer,
In a neighboring town;
That manages Jones' business
Under contract by the year,
As common law adviser,
And general business overseer.

Thus, in his law connection,
There were often chances found,
To justify a business visit
Of our hero to the mound.
And on several such occasions,
In a very cautious way,
He chatted Katie on the news,
And general interest of the day.

Young Brown quite soon concluded
To use his special rate,
And add another message
And address the same to Kate,
And he slyly passed it to her,
While Jones' back was turned,
And maintained his usual air,
So grave and unconcerned.

And on his next return
He got a nice reply;
She delivered it so cutely,
So trusting like and shy,
That he fully read the answer
And his mind was at rest,
As he felt that he was sure
Of a fact that he had guessed.

But in spite of all precaution,
Jones very soon caught on;
He saw suspicious glances
Exchanged by Kate and John.
So he straightway wrote his lawyer,
That messages for the mound
Would hereafter be refused,
If sent by Mr. Brown.

But the best is not the cheapest.
Good always costs enough;
True love is not the smoothest.
It's course is sometimes rough.
And a prize is always valued,
By the price for which it's bought;
And a thing that's readily had
Is very rarely sought.

Jones was a crafty man.
And always up to snuff,
With a stern commanding air
And a manner course and gruff;
But he badly missed his guess,
When he thought that Johnny Brown
Could be bluffed, and forever boasted,
By his stern parental frown.

Their forethought served them well,
For the contingency now had grown,
In anticipation of which
They planned an office of their own;
Through which he learned from Katie
That on a certain day,
Her father would take a trip,
Where to, she could not say.

Now this was just the news
That pleased young Johnny Brown,
As he thought these annual trips
Led to the old stamping ground,
Where the mysteries of Mr. Jones
Could readily be found out,
So he concluded to disguise,
And shadow him o'er his route.

Chapter VI.

On the day of Jones' departure,
Young Brown complete disguised,
Was promptly on hand at the station,
And was not once recognized,
As he passed his many acquaintances;
His faith grew strong in his plan,
His chances now lay in maneuvering,
And keeping on trail of his man.

He watched by the ticket-office window,
And waited for his victim to buy,
And hoped to eave drop his call,
Or detect the name by his eye.
But he waited in vain for his coming,
As the old man never once stirred,
Until the shrill scream of the engine
As it checked for the station was heard.

Our detective, with his old carpet satchel
Walked back to the rear of the coach,
And waited for the passengers to settle,
In order to gain an approach.
Unheard for the noise of the train,
Unseen as he approached from the rear,
And so he thus occupied
A position that was favorably near.

And as the conductor came through
Collecting the tickets and fare,
He watched Mr. Jones more closely
Than he thought he should dare,
And got but a very faint idea,
As to the amount of money he paid;
As he thus hoped to find out
Where his first change was made.

So our detective was baffled,
In this, his favorite plan;
He concluded that vigilance
Was the thing now most in demand,
And so he took a position
That furnished the very best view;
He concluded to trust to his eyes,
And quietly shadow him through.

Hour after hour flew by,
Station after station was passed;
Our detective grew weary of waiting,
But the time for a change came at last.
After watching the maneuvering closely,
He saw but a point had been gained;
His victim had simply alighted,
And was waiting for some other train.

But soon he was cooly seated
In the rear of an out-going train,
That was quietly bearing away.
The object of his interest again.
Speeding in another direction,
As the train went flying 'long,
He watched the coming and going,
And the mingling of the human throng.

Before they had gone far,
He noticed every once and awhile,
Someone would recognize Jones,
And greet him with a smile.
He felt he was nearing the place.
Where the mystery could be fully learned;
That had been to those neighbors of his,
A matter of lingering concern.

His suspicions were fully confirmed,
He quickly followed his man,
As he stepped off on the platform,
When the train came to a stand.
He saw from the greeting extended
To him by the people around,
That he was now on the site
Of Jones' old stamping ground.

Chapter VII.

Our detective at once set out
In search of a hotel,
To mature his future plans,
And rest himself a spell.
With no further use for Jones.
He now could go his way;
He wished to see his friends
And hear what they would say.

His landlord said that Jones
Had lived some years ago.
In the country, south of town,
Just where, he did not know;
But said a widow neighbor,
An old settler in the town,
Knew all about the people
For twenty miles around.

She knew all about their folks
And could tell their people's name,
And give their native state,
And tell the year they came.
He said she lived close by,
He knew that she could tell
All about his Mr. Jones,
And all his folks as well.

He said that she could answer
Any question he could ask;
That she took a special pride,
In her memory of the past,
And if he thought he would like
To go and interview her,
He would gladly show him over,
And introduce him to her.

He went at once and found her,
In quite a pleasant way,
And gradually turned the conversation,
From the interest of the day,
To the improvement of the country,
Compared with former days,
And the gradual changes
Of neighbors' names and ways.

He inquired about the Jones',
If they were still around;
He said they once had lived
Some place just south of town.
She told him one had died
And left a large estate,
In care of a bachelor brother,
For his only daughter Kate.

She said this bachelor uncle
Had taken her west,
Out to her mother's folks,
As perhaps he thought it best;
She supposed he had loaned her money,
At least, had rented her ground,
For quite a handsome sum,
As it lay so near the town.

She told him many things
We need not stop to tell,
That explained the many secrets
Jones had kept so well.
With his mission quite complete,
He now is homeward bound,
To notify Miss Katie
That she's mistress of the mound.

Chapter VIII.

Hark! Hear the merry voices,
And the tread to music's sound,
Of the giddy gay cotillion;
There is dancing at the mound.
Time has wrought its changes,
And the cruel prison bar
Has been lifted, and its gate
Stands invitingly ajar.

And the pretty prison girl
Is hostess of the mound,
And her happy gay companions
In their merry making 'round,
Wish her many joys,
A long and happy life,
And compliment our hero,
On the way he won his wife.

And the neighbors stand in groups,
Beneath the shady trees,
With their faces all aglow
And as smiling as you please.
They speak of former mysteries,
With a "Didn't I tell you so,"
There is always something wrong,
With what us neighbors darst know.

Old Jones has come to time,
For fear of doing worse;
He's bowed to Johnny Brown,
And as Kate is reimbursed,
They let him leave the country
In a very quiet way;
And the neighbors say, they think
That he has gone to stay.

If we had clothed our story
In free and easy prose,
We could of strung it out,
How far, the goodness knows.
And now our patient reader,
Will be happy, I suppose,
To find that our Rhyming Romance
Has drawn to a close.

A REASONABLE FUNERAL SERMON.

When death curtains down the eyelids and that part spoken of as the immortal passes out into the boundless and unknown beyond, and when to that mystery of birth and human life has been added that awe-inspiring mystery of death and physical dissolution, and we that still await this same unavoidable destiny, gather about the bier of a departed loved one and by our presence testify as to our love and appreciation of the many noble traits of mind and heart as exemplified in this life that has now come to a close. As we thus gather beneath this the darkest shadow that ever beclouds the horizon of human experience, it is best that we deal not only charitably but honestly with this defenseless friend.

This is no time or place for idle speculations or the proffering of gracious gifts and blissful favors which we do not possess. This one world with its uncertain life is all that is surely ours, and whatever debt or obligation any of us now owe this departed one must forever remain unpaid. Therefore, remember please, first, the uncertainty of life and the necessity of always maintaining harmonious relations with all of our friends. The best preparation anyone can make for death is to be at peace with all mankind, daily strengthening the cord of friend and kinship.

I have no thought or conjectures to offer as to the further state of this beloved spirit that has so lately passed out and beyond the pale of human help or interference, but if this be a transitory state preparatory to another and better, then I believe this spirit deserves promotion. But I do not know whether this friend becoming weary dropped his burden by the wayside and laid down to peaceful and everlasting rest, or if the closing of this life was but the preface to the opening of another.

This question is as old as the pages of human history. Way back down the long ago ages this question was propounded and it has been reiterated, re-echoed and resounded all along up the many ages of human evolution. Let whoever answer it that dare to and all answer it that care to, yet so long as this world continues to revolve upon its axis, mankind people its surface, and each succeeding generation continues to gather by the graveside of the one preceding, just that long will human tongue continue to repeat this old and as yet unsatisfactorily answered question—"If a man die shall he live again?"

I have no fault to find with anybody's faith or forms of religion—with this friend these matters are now closed, and that, too, forever—and I prefer to leave them un-

molested and just as he left them. These important matters are likely to be settled by everyone in an honest and conscientious manner, and where honesty and sincerity are disrespected there is little to be hoped for, all nature, and especially human nature, is made up of opposites and these opposites dwell together in pairs.

Were I to tell you that this friend had no bad in him, it would be equivalent to admitting he had no good. Few persons, and I doubt if any, have ever succeeded in cultivating the good to the entire exclusion of the bad.

Firmly believing this friend's effort at character building was just as good as he knew how to build, and fully knowing that such effort is just as good as the very best, I shall refrain from any comment, and if there be any presumptious, sinless person present, it is within their province, and not mine, to cast the stones.

If I were a dreamer and a word-artist, I might paint you a beautiful picture of another and better world where all is perpetual sunshine; I might embellish it with flowing fountains, tracing here and there beautiful, winding rivers rippling through its sloping dells, befringed upon either side with ever blooming flowers; I could nestle here and there eternal and beautiful cities whose blissful inhabitants are immune from pain and sorrow and whose immortal lives are one continual round of joy and pleasure. But I will not indulge my fancies for I take it that these friends are entirely too intelligent to take comfort from the ideal dreams of any finite mind regarding places or conditions of which they know nothing.

Therefore, today let us push aside the ideal dreamer and turn our backs upon the musty superstitions of an old and uninteresting age, and come forth upon this solemn occasion in the honest, open manner that this age should demand and admit that not only death, but birth and human life, and a million other things by which we are surrounded, are unfathomable mysteries, and today, kind friends, let us join that innumerable host, both living and dead, that did and do believe that some time, somehow and somewhere all will be well and end well with all mankind.

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